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Vol. I.

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STUMP:

— OR, —

Part I.

“LITTLE, BUT, OH, MY!”

Part I.

By PETER PAD.



“Oh—oh! take him off,” shouted Tongs, and the monkey chattered and dug his nails into the boss liar’s scalp.
“Take him off.”

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STUMP; or, "Little, But, Oh, My!"

Part I.

By PETER PAD.

Part I.

CHAPTER I.

"HERE—here, Stump, get into this closet out of sight, and let me lock you in, for your father is coming up-stairs after you, and he will break every bone in your skin."

"All right, granny, only don't keep a feller locked up too long, yer know."

"Quick, you little rascal."

She turned the key, placed it in her pocket, and then resumed her knitting, looking as serious and calm as a watering pot.

The next moment Stump's father came tearing into the room with a whip in his hand.

"Where is that little devil?" he demanded.

"Who are you speaking off, my son?"

"Who? Good gracious, there is but one little devil in the house! Of course you know I mean Stump. Where is he?"

"How should I know?" she asked, calmly.

"Well, by thunder, I'll soon know!" said he, tearing out of the room to continue his search after his delinquent son.

A smile that was childlike and heavenly crept gradually over the dear old woman's face as she heard that enraged parent go down-stairs again after his unsuccessful search. It was positively refreshing to behold, and its sunniness wiped out every line and mark of age upon her face, and made her almost young again.

As soon as she felt that all danger had passed, she unlocked the closet door again, and our little hero came cautiously out.

"Granny, you're a bully old gal, and I'll make you a present of a pound of snuff for this, see if I don't. Wasn't he high, though?" said Stump, going out into the entry to listen.

"Yes. What have you been up to?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing, as usual. It's a great wonder that your father don't punish you more than he does."

"No, sir—no wonder at all."

"Why?"

"Because he can't catch me very often," said he.

"Well, child, I guess you're about right there. But you mustn't be so mischievous. You're dreadfully full of the 'old white horse.'"

"Nonsense, granny, I only put a little kerosene into his cologne bottle, that's all."

"All! I should say that was enough. You must be a better boy or I shall stop taking your part."

"All right, granny, I'll be good enough to eat, and now I'm going to buy you a whole pound of snuff," said he, starting to go.

"A whole pound, child! You haven't money enough."

"Don't you believe it, old gal. I'm fixed," said he, going down stairs.

If she had only remembered at the time that her pocket-book had been within his reach, she would most likely have wished that she had allowed his father to catch him, instead of hiding him in her closet. And this was what made him feel so generous and promise to reward the old lady.

Now, who is "Stump," anyway?

I'll tell you who he is.

His name is Frank Slathers, the youngest son of a rich dad, and he lives in New York. He has brothers and sisters older than he, who are as large as anybody, but he is a sort of a runt, the titman of the block, and that is why everybody calls him "Stump."

He was about three feet high and fifteen years of age when the writer first became acquainted with him, and as full of the devil as he could hold.

He was regarded as not only a black sheep by the entire family, but as a mischievous runt, and so they all gave him the cold shoulder, with the exception of his grandmother, and it was plain to see that he inherited the devilry from her, for she liked it quite as well as he did, old as she was.

But he didn't care much if his brothers and sisters did give him the cold shake, being a very independent little fellow, and besides, he managed to get square with them in his own way for all they did to him, and at length they became cautious how they abused him.

He hated to go to school the most of anything, and many an excuse had his grandmother written for him to cover up his playing "hookie," although she always said whenever she wrote one that it would be the last; that she would never encourage him in such things again.

But Stump knew better, and so hooked Jack whenever he felt like it, all beknown to his father and mother, of course.

His grandmother was a nice old lady, wore a wig, took snuff, and possessed rather a pleasant voice, although it was pitched on a very high key.

Now you know Stump and his grandmother, and the other members of his family will be introduced from time to time.

In a little while he returned with the pound of snuff and his pocket full of candy.

"Here you are, granny; here's your sneezelt," said he, handing it to her.

"Thank you. But it must have cost——"

"Just an even dollar, granny."

"And besides you are eating candy?"

"Oh, yes; have some?" he asked, placing a handful upon her lap.

"But where did you get the money?"

"Found a pocket-book, granny," said he, skipping from the room and starting down-stairs.

In the course of the day she found the same pocket-book, but she didn't find so much money in it as he did, and then she said she'd give him dead away the very next time she had a chance.

But Stump kept out of her sight during the next day or two, and by that time she forgot all about it, just as he knew she would.

Among his many accomplishments, Stump played on a piccolo, a sort of clarinet, and he always carried it around with him, ready for use.

But his great delight was in going down into the kitchen where the servants were, and play dancing tunes for them, and get them to dancing.

There was an Irish girl, and an old colored woman, the cook and a colored man, a waiter, and with these, singly or together, he used to have heaps of fun once in a while, although strictly forbidden to do so.

The Irish girl was full of fun and always ready for a dance, but the old cook was fat and pretended to be dreadfully pious, while the waiter was very airy.

After leaving his grandmother's room he went down into the kitchen, where he found all three of the servants engaged at their duties.

"Now, then, we'll have some fun," said Stump, taking his piccolo from his pocket.

"Now—now, chile, you go right 'way fo' shuah," said the cook, "'cos we hab a heap to do to-day, an' we don't want none ob yer foolin'." You heah me?"

"Oh, scull ashore."

"You heah me?"

"Pull down your corsets."

"If you don't go right clean out ob heah, I'll go up-stairs an' tell you mudder."

"No, you won't; for aren't I going to buy you a splendid present? Now listen to my new tune," said he, commencing to play a break down.

"Go 'way dar, chile, dat aren't no tune," said she, a trifle more pleasantly.

"Troth, but it's a lively one, onyhow," said the Irish girl, commencing to dance.

"Go 'way dar, girl—dat aren't no Irish tune."

"Irish, Dutch, or the divil, sure it affects me all the same, ony-way."

"Go 'way wid yer life, Stump; yer wants ter get me a foolin' bad. I knows yer. Stop it!" said the old gal, commencing to sway to and fro.

"Come on wid ye. Sure the mistress is up-stairs, an' can't hear us. Come on, John, an' give me a taste of what ye can do," she added, calling the waiter.

"No, I don't wish to dance," he said, going from the room very indignantly.

"Go dance wid the divil, then. Troth, there's no good in ye at all—at all," she called.

By this time the old cook had got worked up by the music, and unable to resist any longer, she began to dance at a lively rate.

"Whoop!" shouted the Irish girl, Mary.

"Oh, by golly, dat am good!" said Dinah.

"Whoop! Come down wid ye now."

"Oh, chile!"

Just then, Mrs. Slathers having heard the racket, came down to see what it was, and stood in the open door in the attitude of one greatly astonished.

Mary was the first to catch sight of her, and she darted from the room, running plump against the colored man and knocking him down upon the entry floor, but Dinah kept right on dancing for quite a while before she saw her mistress.

Then she stopped as quick as though she had run into an ice cart.

"Dinah, I am astonished," she began, "and as for you, sir, how often have you been told to keep out of the kitchen? I shall tell your father the moment he returns, and he will pay you up for old and new, see if he don't."

"Oh, that's all right, mammy. You see the girls don't get exercise enough, and don't have much amusement, so I thought I'd treat 'em."

"You'll get treated to something that is quite as lively as that

when your father gets home. Dinah, don't let this occur again."

"Wal, missus, it war all Stump's fault. I tole him ter go 'way, but he wouldn't," whined the cook.

"But that is no reason why you should cut up so," said Mrs. Slathers, severely.

"Lor bress yer, missus, fat an' old as I am, I can no mo' keep from dancin' when I heah music like dat, than I can fly. Dat am so fo' shuah."

"Well, if he ever comes down here again, you drive him up stairs," saying which, she turned and left the room.

"Now, you see what you do," said she, shaking her big fist at Stump.

"Oh, don't weaken. That's all right," said Stump.

"I tole yer, chile, it amn't all right. Bimeby I get waltzed out ob heah by yer music. Now, clar out, an' if yer come down heah any mo', I po' hot water on yer. I will, fo' shuah."

"Don't get your back up, old gal."

"You heah me whisperin' to yer, chile," shaking her head warningly, as she resumed her work.

Stump sauntered from the room in quest of some other sport.

The first thing he found which offered anything of the kind was a young swell of a fellow who came up the front stoop to call on his sister, Clara.

Stump happened to be on the stoop when he made his appearance, and never having liked him over and above well, had concluded to "help" him if he ever got a chance.

"Aw, is Clarwa at home?" asked the swell.

"No, she's gone down to Long Branch, stopping at the West End, and told me to tell you to hurry right down there."

"Oh, she did, eh?"

"Yes, she's mashed on you, but don't give it away that I said so."

"Do you weally think so?" asked the fop, stroking his little mustache.

"Dead gone. Talks about you in her sleep."

"Aw," and he was about to go away.

"Say, cully," he called.

"Well?" replied the swell.

"Lend us a fiver, will you?"

"Aw——" and he hesitated, for he only had about that amount of money in the world, and if he lent it, how would he be enabled to get down to Long Branch?

"That's all right. We'll be brothers-in-law soon, I suppose, and dad'll stake you heavy," said Stump.

Now this was what the swell was hoping for, and Stump struck him for all he was worth.

He lent him the money, and then started for a pawn shop to spout his ticker in order to raise the soap to meet his darling at Long Branch.

Of course, she wasn't at Long Branch, but was at home at that moment, writing a love letter to another fellow.

"Oh, I guess not!" said Stump, after his victim had gone. "How is that for high?"

At that moment he saw a soap-fat man coming along with his slippery cry of soap-fat!"

"Here! woman up stairs wants you," said he.

"Soap-fat?"

"Yes; go right up," said Stump, opening the front door, and letting the greasy old snoozer in.

"Guess you mean down stairs," said the man, looking around in astonishment at the elegance which met his eye on every side.

"No; family living on second floor. Go right up stairs and rap at the front door," said the rogue, and up went the soap-fat man, carrying his big, greasy kettle on his shoulder.

Stump got out of sight to see the fun.

"Soap fat!" yelled the man, as he reached the head of

the richly carpeted stairs, and going to the front-room door he rapped loudly and yelled again.

Mrs. Slathers was frightened half out of her senses, but managed to open the door.

"Soap-fat!" cried the man.

Then Mrs. Slathers screamed with all her might, and proceeded to swoon. The idea of such a creature being seen at her elegant chamber.

The servants and her two daughters made a rush to see what the trouble was.

Then the daughters screamed and called for the police, while the frightened soap-fat man turned and started to get out of the muss.

But he lost control of himself, and in attempting to hurry down the stairs, he tripped in some way, and fell head over heels, while his kettle of fat took a flying leap, and landed on the head of the elegant darkey, John, furnishing him with hair oil enough to last a regiment a lifetime, and knocking him sprawling on the floor. It was a devil of a time, and no mistake.

Stump was peeping out of the parlor door, and laughing ready to split.

John was a sight to behold. Covered with grease from head to foot, he picked himself up just as the unlucky soap-fat man reached the bottom of the stairs, and concluding he was a burglar, or something of the sort, he pounced upon him, and a lively rough and tumble fight at once took place.

But the soap-fat man was no child, and about as quickly as a fly could have untwisted his tail, he gave John all he wanted, gathered up his kettle and what grease he could sweep up with his hands, and then let out, leaving the whole house in grease and uproar.

He knew by this time that he had been sold, and he lingered lovingly around the house for some time, hoping to get his eye on the little runt who had sent him up.

But, of course, Stump kept out of sight. Further proceedings interested him no more, and so he turned his attention to something else.

"I say, Clara, your spoony has been here," said he, after the excitement had somewhat subsided.

"Who do you mean, De Spilkins?" she asked.

"Yes, the masher."

"Where is he now?"

"He has spouted his watch, and gone to Long Branch."

"What for?"

"Because I told him you was there, and dying to see him," said Stump, laughing.

"You little wretch. How dare you do such a thing?"

"Well, I knew you didn't want to see him."

"Well, supposing I didn't, what right had you to tell him such a story?"

"Because I wanted to charm him."

"Charm him! What do you mean?"

"I wanted to strike him."

"You ugly torment, what do you mean?"

"I struck him."

"How?"

"For five dollars," said Stump, showing the bill.

"Gracious! what audacity. Why, what a little wretch you are."

"Well, didn't I give him taffy enough to pay for it? I suppose yes."

"He'll strike you when he finds out."

"Perhaps so. But I guess not bad. I'm little, but oh, my, sis, I guess I can knock the tar out of him in one round. I say, sis, what am I going to do with the money?"

"Give it back to him, of course."

"Not much; I gave him five dollars worth of taffy, and so we are square. No, I'm going to buy a fiddle and learn to play it."

"Gracious! just as though you wasn't nuisance enough now," said she, turning away.

"Oh, wait till you hear me!"

"Wait until father hears you, that's all."

"I'll astonish 'em," he muttered, starting off in search of something else to take up his attention.

He went out for the purpose of buying a violin, but he had not proceeded a great ways when he met a man, leading a goat by a rope. It was a nice looking little animal, and as Stump had always wanted a goat, he asked if it was for sale.

Finding it was, and that the five dollars would buy it, he concluded to abandon the fiddle idea and become the proud possessor of a goat, for which he would buy a cart and have some fun.

He was afraid that his father would kick up a row about it, but he managed to get him into the back-yard without being seen, and kicking his brother's dog from its kennel, he installed his goat therein and let the dog go at large.

It was a great, worthless specimen of some mongrel breed, which his brother had recently bought, and thinking that he could be trained for a bird dog, he was taking the best of care of him.

Stump was delighted, and at once made friends with his new purchase, by stealing for him all the vegetables he could find in the kitchen, and then giving him an old hoop-skirt to "top off" his repast with.

Goats know when they are well treated, and this one evidently made up his mind that he had found a good friend, and resolved to be a good goat—his goat and nobody's else.

That night, after his return from the store, George went out to see how his dog was getting along, but when he stooped down to look into the kennel, Mr. Goat, who was standing just outside of it, calmly chewing his cud, drew back and butted him on the seat of his pants, knocking him headlong into the dog house, and treating him to one or two more when he attempted to get up again.

It was so dark by this time that he could not see, but taking it for granted, seeing that the goat never said a word, that it was Stump who had hit him, he turned and ran into the house to pound him.

But just at that moment his father was playing a tune for Stump to dance to. He was playing it with a whip, and Stump was keeping good time.

"Good for you; it only saves me the trouble," said George, thinking that his father had caught the little rascal at hitting him in the back-yard.

The next morning Stump got up early to feed his goat, after which he went out to buy a cart.

While he was gone Dinah had occasion to go into the backyard for something, when the goat went for her and nearly knocked the breath out of her, besides frightened her half to death.

"Oh, lor'!" she yelled, starting for the house, "de debil hab got me fo' shuah!"

The goat followed her into the kitchen and stood in the doorway when the alarmed household rushed down stairs to see what the matter was.

"Oh, mass, what am dat yer?" she asked as Mr. Slathers came in.

"Why, it's a goat. How came it here?"

"I find it in de backyard jes now, sah."

"Found it!"

"Guess he find me by de way he bang me 'bout."

"Shoo! Get out of this! Here, John, open that front basement door and drive this pill maker out in the street," he called.

John attempted to obey orders. He opened the door and then started for the goat, as did Mr. Slathers and the others. The goat also started for them. He had no notion of leaving such a good boarding-house as he had found.

He dodged around this way and that for about a minute, and then he dove between Mr. Slathers's legs, and taking them out from under him in a twinkling, that individual came down with a bang and sundry swears.

Escaping by this means he ran into the entry and darted

up the basement stairs, leading to the floor above, closely followed by John, who had armed himself with a broom. But the goat could climb stairs as fast as anything wearing two legs, and not satisfied with reaching the parlor floor, he continued on up the front stairs.

Here he met George and proceeded to trip him up in the same way as he had his father, and amid the most terrible excitement he went clear to the top of the house.

John followed him with the broom, while the others caught up whatever lay nearest at hand and joined in the chase. The female portion of the household screamed, of course, as they were in duty bound to do.

John marched boldly up and found Mr. Goat standing on the landing. He attempted to dislodge him but it was no go; and after trying once to get the trouble by the horns, he didn't try any more. He was picking himself up from the bottom of the stairs where the goat had butted him.

Finally Stump returned and found what was up, and attempted to get it down. But the goat had become so wild by this time that he didn't know friend from foe, and also knocked him down the stairs.

"Shoot him!" said Mr. Slathers.

"Don't, or I'll faint to death," said his wife.

"Send for a policeman," said George.

An officer was soon brought, and after a hard fight succeeded in driving him down and out of the house.

"Come here, Stump!" said his father, producing his whip. "Whose goat is that?"

"How should I know, sir?" replied Stump, seeing that he had either got to disclaim the ownership or get a whaling.

"How did it get into the house?"

"I don't know; I wasn't here when he got in."

"Well, I've a good mind to flog you anyway," said he, and he would if he had seen the hidden goat-cart he had just bought.

A more demoralized household than that was would be hard to find, unless a mule should take possession of one.

"I'll find that goat yet, and have some fun with him; if I don't you can shoot me," muttered Stump.

CHAPTER II.

STUMP had lost his goat and escaped a flogging.

One suited him first-rate, but the other didn't. He hated to lose his goat, now that he had just got a little wagon in which to use him.

There was too much fun anticipated to give up his pet, and so, as soon as he could get out of sight, he ran out to see if he could find him anywhere.

The first trace he obtained was in coming upon the policeman, who had driven him from the house after a gallant battle at the top of the stairs.

"I say, cop, where's that goat?" he asked.

"Ran down the street. Why?"

"I want to get him back."

"What for?"

"For fun, of course. Didn't think I wanted him for the milk business, did you?"

"But I thought you said it wasn't your goat?"

"Well, that's all right; that was taffy for dad. You see he was going to raise me if I had owned up that the goat was mine."

"You're a bad one. I've knowed you ever since I'm on this beat."

"Known me ever since you've been on the beat? No, sir; I arn't old enough for that."

"None of your chin music, and if yer get that goat back again, I'll give yer away to yer old man."

"You will!" exclaimed Stump, and then he laughed loud, and cut a caper on the sidewalk.

"What the devil are you laughing at?" demanded the policeman, getting red in the face.

"At you, Mr. Cop."

"What for?"

"Well, I was thinking how bully it would be for you if you should go back on me."

"What do you mean?"

"Suppose you should tell dad about the goat, and I should tell him about you and our servant girl, and those quiet little feeds in the area way? Oh, I guess not!"

"You little runt."

"Dad and your captain are chums, you know."

"All right; you keep mum and I will," said the officer, walking away.

"That's all right; now for my William goat," said he, starting down the street at a run.

He continued for some time without seeing anything of his pet, but finally, on turning from the street into Sixth avenue, he saw a crowd of people, and at once suspected that his goat had raised an audience.

On approaching nearer, and working his way into the crowd which stood around in a circle, he found that his surmises were true.

There stood the goat on one side of the ash barrel, and the proprietor of a grocery store on the other. The Dutchman was trying to get away, and the goat was intent on preventing him from doing so.

And that Dutchman was mad enough to fly if he hadn't been so fat, having received three or four butts from the goat already. It appears that when the goat was run out from the mansion of Mr. Slathers, Stump's father, you know, he got out of harm's way as fast as his four legs would carry him.

Turning into Sixth avenue, the first thing he saw that attracted his eye, was some nice heads of lettuce, which were displayed in front of the German grocery store, and as this vegetable agreed with him quite as well as old boots or butter, he concluded to get even for his hard streak of luck by eating some of them.

The Dutchman rushed at him with a basket, using cuss words enough to break up a camp-meeting, and the goat waltzed off a few steps, but continued to keep his head towards him.

"Shoo, you tam sheep, shoo!" he yelled. "By tam, I go for a boliceman, and haf dot tam cuss put in der correctionary house."

He started to go into his store again, when Billy landed, head first, squarely on a patch that ornamented the seat of his trousers, knocking him endwise into his display of vegetables, spilling them all over the sidewalk, and making a sad muss generally.

The Dutchman yelled eight or nine kinds of murder while trying to regain his feet, during which time Billy put in one or two more "bangs," that made the old fellow's teeth rattle.

But he finally regained his pins, and with fire in his eye, he made for the goat, who stood up like a trump, and also went for him; went for him so lively that he took refuge behind an ash barrel, and this was the situation of affairs when Stump arrived.

The crowd was composed principally of boys, and they were shouting, laughing, and encouraging the goat to go in and win.

"Vere is some boliceman?" he demanded.

"Go it, goat!" yelled the boys.

"Here, I'll fix him," said Stump, going up behind the goat and taking him by the horns. "Hold on here, Mr. William Goat. What're yer doing?"

"Ah! dot vos goot," said the Dutchman, as he saw that Stump had control of him. "Dat vas a prave poy. Dake him away and shood his tam head off."

And then the boys shouted derisively.

"Vat you laugh ad, you tam gread cowards? Arn'd you ashamed to see a leddle poy like dot get away mit a goad dot you don'd dare to say 'bah' ad."

"Where was you, Duthey?" they asked, and another laugh went up.

"I vos got der heart gombaint, und I don'd dare got mad; dot's vot's der matter mit me. Now glear out 'bout your pizness, or I make some of you sick," he added, picking up his spilled potatoes and things.

Meanwhile, Stump had started back to the house with the belligerent goat, who seemed to be perfectly satisfied to do so, for it was quite evident that he not only liked the place, but that he was quite as fond of fun as Stump was himself.

By this time his father and brothers had gone down town to business, and he had things entirely to himself, so he led the goat into the back yard again, and proceeded to fix up a harness for him.

This provoked considerable talk and indignation among the servants, all three of whom the goat had paid his respects to, head first, a few hours before.

"Sure, Stump, ye'd ought to be ashamed of yersilf for bringing that dirty baste here," said Mag.

"Oh, pull down your bustle," said he, keeping right along with his work, while the goat was going around sampling whatever grew within his reach.

"Begorra; but I'll tell your father," said she.

"All right; and I'll give you away bad if you do."

"Gim me away? Troth, I'd like ter sa ye."

"Well, you will if you fool with me. I'll give you away with the cop and yer cold lunches. Ah! you weaken. But it's all right. I'm a hunkey boy if you don't fool with me, and then I'm bad."

She looked mad enough to have eaten him; but she said nothing more, and walked away muttering to herself, and wishing that the rascal's vacation was over.

Stump worked away at his harness and sang:

"Oh, I'm in love with a 'lasses candy gal,

Oh, my, she's so sweet;

I took her to a calico-dress ball;

"Oh, my, she looked so neat;

And the boys at the ball, they all tried to "mash,"
But I took the cake with my five dollars cash."

While he was thus engaged, Dina, the colored cook, went out into the yard.

"Wha'—wha' you doin' dar, chile?" she asked, not as yet having seen the goat.

"Making a baby jumper, Dina," said he, without hardly looking up.

"Wha' dat you say, chile! Makin' baby jumper?"

"Yes; want one?"

"Lor' sakes alive, chile, wha' I want ob such a thing as dat? De wus ole baby jumper dat I eber seen were dat goat in de house dis mornin'. Whar you s'pose he come from, chile?"

"Jumped over the house, I guess," said Stump, carelessly.

While she stood there talking, the goat espied her, and getting behind her, he stood shaking his head, and shaking his little stumpy tail, ready for business.

"I thought fo' shuah dat de ole debil had got me when he come at me," said she, and just then the goat made a graceful leap and struck her again, knocking her over on top of Stump, and nearly smothering him.

"Oh—oh! by golly, dar he am again!" said she, picking herself up and facing him.

"Yes, jumped over the house again," said Stump, seizing him by the horns to prevent further mischief.

"By golly, I think dat he jump from de clouds, de way he hit me. Go fo' de policeman."

"No, I'm going to harness him to this cart."

"Ya, an' he am you goat all de while," said she, indignantly.

"Well, what of it?"

"I wait till you farder come home an' I tole him 'bout it," said she, starting for the house.

"And if you do, I wait 'til my farder comes home an' I tell him all 'bout that sugar and butter you gave away to your sister the other night," said Stump, mocking her.

"Stump, you am de wus boy dat I eber knew, an' I shall be right smart glad when you go back to school."

"Oh, that's all right, ole charcoal. Take a reef in your pull-back and swim out."

She didn't want to give it up that way.

"Get in or I'll bet my baby jumps at you again."

This settled it, and she paddled into the house.

In the course of half an hour he had the harness arranged and the billy goat hitched to his cart. He expected, however, to have trouble with him, but he seemed to have been used in that way a great deal, and took to the business very kindly.

During the next hour Stump was enjoying himself hugely in riding around the block after his pet, who behaved splendidly. It was heaps of fun for Stump, and the goat appeared to enjoy it full as much as he did.

At length he saw the fop coming towards his house to visit his sister, the same fellow that he had got on a string, borrowed five dollars from, and sent down to Long Branch the day before in quest of his sister whom he said wanted to see him very much, when of course it was nothing of the kind.

Stump thought he would bring about an accident, just for fun, and so he urged the goat ahead at his fastest and guided him so that he struck the dandy just where his coat was short, tripping him up and causing him to fall over on top of himself and cart, knocking things all sorts of ways, and sending them all down in a heap together.

"Help—help! I—I—oh!" he yelled.

"Get off of me, you big idiot," said Stump, while the goat was trying his best to get around so as to butt a few times for somebody's benefit.

"You're a scoundrel, sir."

"You're a camel. What'd you get in my way for?" demanded Stump, picking himself up and facing the demoralized dandy.

"I'll have you arrested, I—ll—why, you are the fellow who sent me to Long Branch, yesterday," said he, for the first time recognizing Stump.

"Oh, is that you, old man? Glad to see you," said Stump, extending his hand, after he had righted his cart.

"Yes, it is me, confound you."

"Well, that's all right."

"No. I'll be hanged if it is all right, though," and he kept his indignation down by brushing his clothes and straightening out his new silk hat, which he managed to get badly smashed as all silk hats are sure to do whenever there is a chance. "She wasn't there at all, sir."

"Well, you see I didn't know it. She started for Long Branch; but she got uneasy on your account, and came back again on the next boat."

"Is that so?" and the dandy smiled a trifle.

"Oh, honest Indian! I'm giving it to you straight."

"Oh, what a mash!" thought the fop.

"But don't you give it away on me, will you, for she'd be awful mad. See?"

"Very well, I'll not compromise you; but I guess I'll call in and see her," starting towards the house.

"Yes, she's dying to see you. I say; got a couple of cases till I sell my goat?" he added.

"What is that?"

"Two dollars 'til I sell my goat."

Stump noticed that his watch was missing; and felt sure that he had spouted it in order to go to Long Branch, and so hadn't the heart to strike him for more.

"Well, weally, my boy, I have nothing smaller than a fifty dollar bill, with the exception of one dollar."

"All right; I'll worry along with that until you get the fifty changed, and then I'll see you."

That victimized fop tried to smile as he parted with his last dollar; but it was a failure.

"All right; now go right in and see Clara, only don't tell her that you saw me."

"Very well," and he started up the front stoop, while Stump got into his wagon again, and started Billy around the block at a lively trot.

The fortune-hunting lover was shown into the parlor where he expected to conquer an heiress, who, however, received him very coldly, and finally sent for her grand mother to entertain him while she attended to some important matter which she claimed could not be neglected.

Now the grandmother knew how the land lay, and being naturally a great talker, she went for him on all sorts of subjects, and at the end of an hour talked him into St. Vitus' dance.

And finding that he hadn't mashed the heiress quite so severely as he had thought, and as it appeared that the old lady would never stop talking—all the while keeping him from asking a question regarding Clara—he concluded to dance out, and see if he couldn't find her brother.

But he didn't find him, and perhaps it is a lucky thing that he did not.

Stump was at this time in the back yard with his goat, playing on his flageolet, and trying to teach the goat how to dance. And in this respect he didn't appear to have much trouble, for the animal had evidently been trained by somebody else, and he took to the fun as naturally as he seemed to take to anything else.

"How are you, Robinson Crusoe?" said he, after he had put him through for some time. "Got a turnip in there, Dina?" he called.

"Don't know nuffin' 'bout no turnips," said she.

"Well, you'd better not come out here in the yard and turn-up yourself, or you'll know where stars are."

"Better look out fo' dat goat, or I'll kill him."

"No, you won't. Now trot out a turnip, or I'll let the goat at you," he said, going into the kitchen.

Obtaining a turnip, after several growls, he fed his goat generously, after which he continued his dancing lessons, and before night had him so he could dance quite nicely.

But it was now about time for his father to return, and the question was, what should he do with his goat? This was an important thing, for on it depended the life of the goat, and whether he himself came in for a good flogging or not.

He tried to think of some safe place, but could not. At length, he happened to think of the large closet in his grandmother's room, and so he led him up stairs and placed him in there out of the way.

Everything being thus arranged, nothing happened to disturb the family equanimity until about ten o'clock, when grandmother went up stairs to bed.

The goat heard her, and, thinking perhaps it was time to get up, he began walking around and making a breakfast of overshoes and a few other trinkets which he found in the closet.

"Mussy sakes alive, I wonder what that is?" she mused. "Wonder if that cat has been shut into the closet?" and she proceeded to investigate.

Opening the door, the goat gave a short bleat of satisfaction and walked out into the room.

The old lady instantly convinced everybody in the house that she had a good pair of lungs, for she just yelled out at the top of her voice, and went dancing around the room like a witch with corns.

The goat was just finishing one of her gaiters and didn't appear to be disturbed in the least, but when Mr. Slathers opened the door and rushed into the room to learn what the trouble was with his mother, he again beheld his antagonist of the morning.

"Great Columbus! What does this mean?" he asked.

"Oh, dear, I don't know," said she.

"But how came he here?"

"How should I know? I opened the door and out he came and he hasn't stirred since."

"Well, I'll bet he'll stir now," said he, and by this time the other members of the family were crowding up to the room to learn what the trouble was.

"It's that confounded goat again," said he, in answer to questions eagerly asked.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Stump, as he slid back into his own room again.

"John, throw that accursed beast down stairs," said Mr. Slathers to his servant.

John always tried to obey orders, whether he succeeded in doing so or not, and he tried now. But the goat backed into the closet again, shaking his head, and every time the darkey would attempt to go in and drag him out, he would butt him somewhere and knock him over.

Finally they all got at him and secured him by the horns, after which he was dragged down stairs to the door and fired down the front stoop.

Poor Stump listened to the uproar with any but funny emotions. He knew now that his goat was gone for sure, and that he was in for a whaling.

Hastily fixing a dummy out of a bundle of clothes, a night shirt and a mask, he placed it in his bed and then jumped into an empty trunk out of sight.

He had scarcely done so, however, before his irate father came tearing into the room with blood in his eye and a whip in his hand.

"Oh, you young rascal! I'll teach you to bring goats into the house," said he, and seizing the bed clothes, he pulled them completely from the dummy, and as the room was only lighted by the hall burner, things were not very distinct.

Raising his whip, he began to lay it over the dummy with all his might.

"Take that, you rascal, and that, and that, and see if you will cut up any more of your pranks here," said he.

Then wondering why he did not cry out, he seized the dummy with both hands, intending to bounce the young reprobate out on to the floor, but it being much lighter than he expected, he went over backwards with a bang that shook the whole house.

Of course he pulled the dummy all to pieces; and this, together with the fall he received frightened him half out of his senses.

"Help—help!" he yelled, faintly, (for he had but little breath left in his body) at the same time trying to struggle to his feet.

Dina's room happened to be next to Stump's, and she was the first to answer the call.

"Lordy massy, sar, what am de matter? Am dat goat heah some mo'?" she asked.

"Bring a light," he groaned.

Her bed-lamp was quickly brought, and Slathers took it from her. The first thing to do was to examine the supposed pieces of the youngest child. He looked at them first in alarm, and then with curiosity. There was nothing but a mask, a bundle of clothes and a shirt, but they had become undone by this time, so that the mask was the only suspicious thing he could see.

"Where is Stump?" he finally demanded.

"I don't know, sah."

"What the devil does all this mean?" and he got down to take a look under the bed.

Stump had taken his clothes into the trunk with him, and so no tell-tale was left behind.

"I don' gone know, sah, but I'spect he hab."

"Yes, and I expect he lit out when he found that I had discovered his goat, the rascal!"

"Oh, sah, he am one werry bad young boy, an' he jus' raise de ole boy wid us all day," said she.

"Well, I'll fix him. Thank heaven his school will begin next week, and somebody else will have to stand his

deviltry for awhile. But I wish I could get at him to-night, and settle his stomach with this whip."

"I don't wish so," thought Stump.

"Maybe he am in dat yer closet," she said, pointing.

"Perhaps he is," said Slathers, opening the door, and looking carefully in.

But there was nothing suspicious there, with the exception of his goat cart and harness, and thinking that he had taken alarm and gone to some of the neighbors, the irate father closed the door after him and went sullenly down to his own room.

Stump listened until everything was quiet again, and then he got out of his trunk and glanced around. Lighting the gas, he examined things, while a grim smile of satisfaction warmed his roguish mug.

"Good boy," said he, picking up the mask, "you stood it better than I could. And my poor goat; what will become of him? Confound it, I wonder if dad feels better now."

Carefully locking his door he went to bed.

The next morning he did not wait for anybody to call him, you bet; he called himself and stole out of the house before any of the family was up.

Going to a saloon he bought his breakfast, and stayed away until he was certain that his father had gone, before he ventured back home again. But he could find no trace of his goat, and, in fact, never saw it afterward.

"Back to school next week, eh? Well, not if I know myself. No school in mine; I've had enough of it," he mused. "Hang me if I haven't a good mind to run away again. Wonder how it would seem to go to sea? I'll go down to the wharves this very day, and see what I can find in the shape of an adventure, for I'll do anything rather than go to school."

The first thing he did was to visit his grandmother, the best friend he had in the family, but she gave him a severe lecture on his conduct, and said that she should never take his part again. Yet Stump knew exactly how to come it over granny, and was not long in making her believe that he knew nothing about the goat, and that he was an injured boy, after which he proceeded to borrow five dollars of her to keep him from running away before school commenced.

Thus fixed, he started for the wharves along the North river, for the purpose of finding some chance or other for going to sea, having settled so to do.

At one of the wharves, the stevedores were unloading a vessel, and a mule was drawing the tackle-rope which lifted the cargo out of the hold.

Stump became greatly interested in this, but more especially in the mule. He thought what fun it would be to ride him back and forth. He asked permission to do so, but was not allowed, because the mule would not allow it.

But he concluded to have some fun with him, at all events, and so every time he would back to allow the pulley to fall, he would prod him with a stick.

"Better look out dar," said the negro, who was bossing the mule. "He fro dem heels at you, fust you knows on."

But Stump wasn't afraid, and kept on bothering the long-eared hoof-slinger every chance he could get.

He bothered him once too often; for seeing a good chance, he struck Stump with his hind legs, and knocked him head over heels into the water.

"Dar—dar. I tole you so," said the driver.

CHAPTER III.

"WHOA, dar!" yelled the driver of the mule, seeing that the beast wasn't satisfied with what he had done. "Guess dat yer little cuss won't fool 'round dat yer mule's blind end any mo'," he added, as he ran to help lower a boat.

Of course the cry of "boy overboard!" attracted all

attention, and dozens of orders were given in quick succession—or at once rather—and some over-earnest ones even went so far as to chuck boxes and billets of wood at him, to enable him to sustain himself in the water until a boat could be lowered.

"Swim out!"

"Yer over yer head!" suggested some little wharf rats, who stood on the string piece looking at him.

But Stump was a good swimmer, and maintained himself on the surface of the water like a duck.

"Am yer broke all ter pieces, chile?" asked the old darkey, calling loudly.

"Yes, he nearly kicked the stuffing out of me," said Stump, rubbing himself in various places.

"Well, you're lucky that you've got no bones broken."

"Haven't got a wringing machine on board, have you?" he asked, looking at the fellow with a comical grin.

"No; why?"

"Well, I'd like to be put through one, that's all." This tickled the sailor hugely.

"Little one, you're a brick——"

"Brick bat, you mean," interrupted Stump.

"Yes, that is nearer like it, smash my binnacle if it isn't. Where'd you hail from?"



"Take that, you rascal, and that, and that, and see if you will cut up any more of your pranks here," said he.

"Are yer kilt entirely?" queried an Irish sailor, who stood leaning over the side of a ship, near by.

"Go to the devil!" said Stump, striking out slowly for a schooner lying at the next wharf.

"Ahoy, shipmate!" cried somebody on board the craft he was making for. "Port your helm! Shift your ballast aft your mizzen; keep your nose well out of the water, and stand by to take this line," saying which he threw a rope in a bungling way, one end of which struck five or six feet from where Stump was struggling.

"Make fast to that, my hearty, and I'll soon haul you on board."

Stump did as directed, and the fellow pulled him on deck without loss of time.

"There you are, my hearty, high and dry."

"Thank you," said Stump, shaking himself like a wet Newfoundland dog.

"How'd it happen?"

"Ask that cussed mule over there."

"What?"

"He flung his hind hoofs at me."

"And you went over to see how salt water tasted, did you?" asked the sailor, laughing.

"Well, I took a sort of a tumble."

"Blast my tarry headlights, I guess you're right. Did he hurt you much?"

"From here, when I hail at all."

"Oh, you're a little cuss. Pity you don't understand sea slang."

"I wish I did," said Stump, earnestly.

"Do you, though?" he asked. "I'm your salt junk."

"My what?"

"Old salt."

"You don't look like a very old salt."

"What? Born on the briny; cradled in the trough of the sea, and sang to sleep by tearing hurricanes."

"You don't say so."

"Fact, bust my scupper if it ain't."

"Know all about it, then."

"Don't know anything else, hardly. Makes me seasick and homesick to be on shore two hours. Come down into the cabin and dry your rigging," said he, leading the way aft.

Stump followed, for to his mind he had come upon a superior being, an out-and-out "salt," which he had so often wished to be himself.

The truth was, however, that this fellow who had rescued him was a great, green, Yankee boy, by the name of Eli Pennyroyal, but who had always been sea-struck to become a sailor, just as fellows sometime get stage-struck to become actors. In his whole life he had read but little else than sea and pirate stories, and at school he would as-

sume all the airs and slang of an old salt, and spin yarns so loud and long that they generally made his listeners dizzy-headed. But at length he made his way to Boston, and eventually got a chance to go before the mast on a schooner plying between there and New York.

Then he was made. Had a fortune fallen to him he could not have felt half so big. He took on fearful lugs, and even astonished the captain with his fund of sailor slang, although the old man had been to sea the best portion of his life. And this was not all; Eli Pennyroyal was no sort of a sailor's name; that is, he had never read of a sailor here with such an old-fashioned, countryfied name,

"What'll I have to do?"
 "Oh, sort o' help the captain."
 "Run of errands?"
 "Yes, help keep the log; assist the cook; mix the grog and deal it out to the crew, and make yourself generally useful."
 "How many of the crew are they?"
 "Four all told, besides you and the cook."
 At that moment Captain Smart returned.
 "Hello, you bloody landlubber, what the devil are you doing there?" he howled.
 "Only a playful way of his," Jack whispered to the as-



The eagle went for them, one at a time. He caught the first one he could reach, and opening his huge mouth he proceeded to eat him.

and so, when shipped, he gave the name of "Jack Hawser."

This was really his first trip, and he had been sea-sick three or four days of the week's voyage. So the reader can readily see that he was a blower, although of course Stump knew nothing about it, and regarded him as a first water hero.

And Jack was delighted to find some one who regarded him with open-eyed wonder, and he at once lent a hand at helping Stump off with his clothes, wringing the water from them and drying them, which they succeeded in doing in an hour or so, after which they came on deck again, and Jack continued his yarn.

But in the meantime Stump had confided to him the fact of his having run away from home to go to sea, that he might escape going to school, and Jack had complimented him on his pluck and told him that he was almost certain that when the captain got back from some business up town he would hire him for a cabin boy, an idea which tickled Stump from head to toe.

"What a jolly pair of salts we'd make, eh?"

"All the time," said Stump.

"You a little rollicking runt with your sailor togs, and I, a big, double fisted old tar. Oh, I tell you, we'd make a sensation."

tonished little Stump. "Ay—ay, sir," he added to the gruff old captain.

"I'll ay—ay yer. Who's that runt?"

"Just fished him out of the water, sir. He got kicked overboard by that mule over there."

"The mule's to blame. Why didn't he kill him? for anybody that is fool enough to get within reaching distance of a mule ought to get killed," said the captain.

"He's had some extra grog ashore," whispered Jack.

"Well, why in thunder don't he go home?"

"He wants to ship as cabin boy."

"He? Bah! he isn't big enough for a coxswain to a jolly boat."

"I'm little, but oh, my," said Stump.

"Oh, ho! How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"The devil!"

"Yes, sir, every time."

"Who are you?"

"Give it up."

"What's your name?"

"Stump."

"Stump what?"

"Ask me an easier one, cap."

"Well, I guess you're a tough one anyway. But I know

by your clothes that you are no tramp. Ever been on the water?"

"Yes, sir, often."

"Where?"

"Been on the ferry boat to Brooklyn, Jersey City, and one or two long voyages to Staten Island."

The captain looked at him a moment in great surprise, and then burst into a loud laugh.

"Never been on a sailing vessel, then?"

"Not 'til I was dragged on board this one."

"Well, what do you want, any way?"

"I want to be a sailor."

"All right. I guess I'll like you. Ready now?"

"All ready."

"Got any duds?"

"Only what's on my back."

"All right; Jack, you take this order and go up here to Beater's and see if you can get him some."

"Ay—ay, sir."

"Hurry up, for we must be ready to sail with the tide at six o'clock."

"Ay—ay, sir. Come along, shipmate," said Jack, leaping upon the gang-plank, followed by Stump.

At the clothing store they found a little flannel suit, a regular sailor's dress, which fitted Stump to a nicety, and in less than half an hour they were back on board the schooner *Bouncer* again.

To tell the truth, Stump looked first rate in his new dress, and he felt as well as he looked, although a little sore where the mule touched him with his feathery hind legs. He looked like a miniature sailor, and felt for all the world like a full sized one.

"That's good enough," said Jack. "Now, can you chaw tobacco?"

"Never tried. But I can smoke," said Stump.

"Bah! you can never be a sailor unless you learn how to chaw. I'll learn you with the rest of the business, never fear. Why, the rest of us old tars chaw a navy plug a day. But I chaw 'nigger-head; it's the strongest. You see, I got used to it on the East Indian trips," said he, with a squirt and a swagger.

The captain was well-pleased with Stump, and at once began instructing him in his duties, each one of which was brand new to him, and he felt not a little doubtful about being able to do them. But it was a new life to him, and he resolved to try his best.

By this time the crew were all on board, and instead of the number stated by Jack Hawser, there were only two hands, Jack and another, the mate, captain, cook, and Stump, besides a dog and a tame eagle, with just about feathers enough on him to cover a sick canary bird.

Everything being in readiness, the schooner was hauled out into the stream, and with wind and tide in her favor, the sail down the stream was delightful.

But Stump lost a little of his gaiety when he looked back at New York, and saw it gradually fade into evening and distance, and had it not been for his friend Jack, he would have been decidedly homesick.

Nothing of any importance transpired, and after doing the few chores which the captain directed him to do, he went forward to see Jack.

The moon was shining brightly at its full, and nothing was ever seen more beautiful than air, sea, and sky seemed now.

A warm breeze was blowing from the land, and the *Bouncer* was forging along over the ruffled waters at about ten miles an hour.

Jack Hawser was seated on the capstan, and was holding the negro cook spell-bound with his marvelous yarns regarding the rough experience he had had in all parts of the world, the whole of which he had learned by reading sea stories, although he had told them so many times, with himself as the hero, of course, that he now began to believe that they were actual facts.

"Halloo, shipmate!" he cried, in a deep, hoarse voice, as Stump approached.

"Halloo, Jack!"

"Avast there, and come alongside with your grapples until I speak with you."

"What do you want to speak to me about?"

"Come to anchor there on that cask. Got your sea legs on?" he asked, as Stump sat down.

"Well, I guess not. I'm a little bit wobbly on my land legs yet."

"Oh, of course. Take some time to get around like us old salts. But you'll be all right after awhile. I remember very well how long it took me when I set sail. We went out from Boston in the good ship *Othello*, bound for Havana with staves. But bless your duck legs, we hadn't mor'n got out of sight of land, before a hurricane struck us dead on our starboard quarter. It blew great guns for the next two days, carried away our top gallants before we could reef 'em, and blew the mizzen main-sails to ribbons through the scuppers; carried away everything on deck, and raised the devil generally. That's what puts sea legs on a green hand," said he, driving a stream of tobacco juice to the leeward.

"Gracious! I should think it would put a sea head on everybody," said Stump.

"You are right, boy. But that was only a breeze to what we had once in the Indian Ocean."

"By golly, Jack, hab you been all ober de worl'?" asked the colored cook.

"Sailed in every salt sea on the globe."

"Mighty gosh!" exclaimed Chowder.

"You must have been young," suggested Stump.

"Didn't I tell you I was born on the briny? Fact; born while the ship was doubling Cape Horn, during one of the greatest blows ever heard of."

"Guess it amn't done blowing yet," said Chowder laughing with a loud ya—ya!

"Fact, Chowder; I'm giving it to you straight."

"Wal, maybe as how you am, but seems to me as how it am a little thick," said he, laughing again.

"Chowder, I don't want to feed the sharks with you on account of your wife and family, but I shall be obliged to do so if you hint again that I am lying," said Jack, with hoarse impressiveness.

"Oh, dat am all right, Jack, I war only talkin'," said the cook, looking sober.

"Well, you musn't talk to an old salt that way, or blast my tarry top-lights, I'll swab the deck with you. It's all very well to joke and laugh at green hands, but take a double turn on your gale when there's an old hand around the deck. Understand?"

"Oh, certainly, Jack. I axes your pardin?"

"All right. Look out for your clew lines next time."

The cook was thoroughly bullied, although he felt certain that Jack was spinning a great deal more yarn than anybody could reel in.

Stump turned in that night with his mind full of what he had seen, heard, and felt during the day. It had been an eventful one to him, and it was some time before he could get asleep.

The next morning he was routed out at daylight by the mate, a rough, lazy fellow, and set to swabbing up the decks. This rather took the romance out of the thing, and he kicked against it.

"What! you little runt!" exclaimed the mate. "If I hear a word out of your head, I'll sling you up in the rigging, and keep you there all day."

"You go to the devil! You arn't the boss of this schooner," returned Stump.

"I'll show you whether I am or not," said he, taking a rope's end and approaching him.

Stump raised the swab and stood on the defensive, but the mate gave him one or two stinging cuts with the rope that took the fight out of him very quick.

"I weaken!" he cried.

"You had better."

"But, oh! won't I get hunk on you?" he added, to himself.

"Now, you do what I told you to, or I'll give you a whole breakfast of this rope."

"No, thank you, I'm no hog; I know when I've got enough," said Stump, rubbing himself.

"Sail in!"

Stump wanted no further argument of that kind, and during the remainder of the mate's watch, he took good care not to run against that rope again.

He complained to Jack about it, but he assured him that it was all right; that it was only one of the mate's little jokes, and that it would be all right when he knew him better.

But poor Stump concluded that he knew him now just as well as he wanted to, and was contriving in his mind how he could get even with him.

He soon learned several things about the people he was with, and one of them was that the captain drank a large quantity of New England rum, the mate a large amount of strong tea, and that the cook took snuff.

So the second day out he managed to steal the cook's snuff-box long enough to empty the contents of it into the teapot, which sat steaming away upon the stove.

The mate went for his dipper of tea at eleven o'clock as usual, and Stump was where he could watch without being seen. He took the tea to the stairs leading to the after deck, and sat down to blow and cool it a bit, after which he drank it down at a draught.

Then he made up a horrid face, and began to grow pale. He smelled the dipper, and then with a string of oaths, which fairly ran up and down the rigging, he called for the cook, Chowder.

"What in thunder's the matter with that tea?" and then he began to throw up over the vessel's side.

"What am de matter with *you*?" asked Chowder.

"I—I'm—whoop! I'm poisoned."

Of course the cook was innocent, and the captain was called. He prescribed New England rum, as he always did for everything, from a bunion to a case of cholera.

But there wasn't medicine enough on board to prevent him from being sick, and after retching awhile, he went to his bunk, and did not leave it again until after they arrived in Boston. It cured him of tea drinking, and enabled Stump to laugh over his enemy with whom he had got so beautifully square.

Nothing of any consequence happened beyond the little snuff-tea joke until the end of the trip, although Stump found plenty of hard work, and but little fun in going to see. It was the old story of having the romance taken out of a thing by experiencing the reality of it.

At Boston the birth of the *Bouncer* was at Long Wharf, and right next to her lay a Spanish brigantine, with a crew of as impudent Spanish sailors as ever sailed. This vessel was being unloaded by stevedores, and the crew spent the greater portion of their time in cock-fighting, having on board a large number of game fowl, from a six week's old chicken to a full-fledged Spanish gamecock.

They were continually bantering the crews of other ships lying near to bring roosters on board and fight their birds, and in one or two instances they had been accommodated, but their birds invariably were the victors, which fact added to their delight and general insolence.

One day Stump and Jack Hawser were on board of the Spaniard witnessing a fight between a game chicken belonging to the captain, and an American rooster owned by a butcher in Quick Market, and strange as it may appear, that chicken, only three months old, whipped the American rooster with the greatest ease.

Quite a crowd had gathered on deck to witness the fight, and several large sums of money had been lost, and then

it was that the Spaniards broke out into derisive laughter at the poor fighting quality of American roosters.

This nettled Stump quite as much as it did any of the Americans, and a brilliant idea entered his head.

"Your roosters fight at home, and have the advantage over ours; but I'll bet all the money you want that I have got a chicken on board of our schooner of the pure American breed, who hasn't got hardly a feather on him yet, and he can whip six of the best chickens you can bring on board to-morrow."

They all looked at the queer little sailor and laughed.

"Oh, I mean it, and you don't dare to try it on," said he.

After considerable talk the Spaniards agreed to go on board the *Bouncer* the next day at noon and have the trial, but what to make of the spunky little Yankee runt, nobody could make out.

But he explained it to several interested Americans, and they went away laughing, promising to be on hand the next day to see the fun, while Stump, with the captain's consent, went about making preparations. The captain had lost heavily the day before in betting on the butcher's rooster, and he entered into the plan Stump suggested with much enthusiasm.

The next day at the appointed time the whole Spanish crew came on board with their birds, and by that time there were twenty-five or thirty Americans gathered there to get even with the victorious and insolent cock fighters.

The pit was quickly formed, and into it the Spaniards placed their game chickens, all gaffed and ready for the fray, it being understood and agreed that Stump's chicken was to vanquish the whole lot of them, and heavy bets were made on the result.

Excitement ran high, for the Spaniards had put up all the money they had on their birds, and when everything was ready, Stump pulled out the pet eagle, now nearly starved, and placed him on the edge of the pit. He had pulled out all of his larger feathers, and he looked, indeed, like a great green chicken of some breed or other.

"What sort of a chicken is that?" demanded the Spaniards.

"A pure American," said Stump.

"How old?"

"A little over three months," (and he was right).

"Well, let him go," said they.

The eagle in the meantime had been eying the saucy game chickens, and the moment Stump let him hop into the pit, all six of them went for him, red hot.

And the eagle went for them, one at a time. He caught the first one he could reach, and opening his huge mouth he proceeded to eat him with great satisfaction, after which he helped himself to another.

The Spaniards began to yell out and cry "foul!" (and it was rather a fowl affair), and made a rush towards the pit for the purpose of rescuing their birds. But the Americans were prepared and kept them at bay until that old bald eagle had eaten the whole six chickens and was looking around for another.

Amid the wildest shouts of laughter and Spanish oaths, Stump caught up his "chicken," (and he was more than half chicken now), and ran down the companion way, while the Americans took the money they had won, and laughed the Spaniards off the schooner and back to their own vessel, gesticulating and cursing like pirates.

That cured them of cock-fighting in Boston. They had different birds there from any they had ever seen, and they didn't care to run the risk of having their own eaten up, gaffs and all. It was a different kind of cock fighting than they had ever engaged in.

Those who had won the money from the Spaniards made up a purse of a hundred dollars for Stump, and voted him a brick-bat besides. In fact, during the few days that he remained in Boston he became a little hero, and the story of his joke was in everybody's mouth.

And he also became a favorite with the officers and crew of the *Bouncer*, and it looked as though his future on board of her would be much more downy than it had hitherto been.

The Spaniards, however, swore to get even with him for the trick he had played upon them. But whether they do or not remains to be seen in our next.

CHAPTER IV.

STUMP had stood their boasts and insolent slurs as long as he could, and as their birds had whipped everything of

But to return to Boston where our hero was at the time. The Spaniards watched very closely for him, and many a gleaming stiletto was ready to tickle his ribs, provided he was ready to have them tickled, but he wasn't.

The night before they were to sail, Stump and that terrible old salt, Jack Hawser, took it into their heads to go up into the city and see the sights.

But the question was, how were they to get past the Spanish brigantine without being seen, and to be seen by any of the indignant crew was good for a cut in the belly at least.

And what was more, they knew that three or four of the



The captain inserted the nozzle of the big squirt gun between his teeth, and forced the contents down his throat. "Oh, Lord, I know I shall die," moaned Jack.

the American breed which had been brought against them, he put up a job which not only took all their money, but made them the laughing stock of everybody in the city.

They found out, however, that a bad joke had been played upon them, and now they were lying in wait to get revenge, and to a Spaniard nothing will satisfy a grudge of that kind but the death of his enemy.

The schooner *Bouncer*, Captain Smart, on which Stump had shipped as cabin boy, had discharged her freight and had taken in another load for New York, and was now nearly ready to sail.

It will be recollected that Stump had run away from home to avoid being sent away to school; that he was now in full sailor dress and looking quite different from what he was when we first knew him. But his family were greatly concerned at his absence, although they naturally concluded that he had run away to avoid going to school.

His father, Mr. Slathers, was awful mad, and to show his good feelings for the runt of the family, he went and bought a new cowhide whip with which to give him a music lesson when he returned, and to keep his hand in he would once in a while go for Stump's brother George, and make him dance the liveliest kind of whip music, all the while wishing it was Stump, and so did George.

revengeful rascals were lying low up at the other end of the wharf, waiting to pounce upon him should he attempt to leave the schooner, while the others were ready to go to their assistance if they were needed.

"You had better not go, Stump," said the captain.

"I don't care for them, cap," said he.

"No, blast our tarry top-lights, captain, we are good for a whole crew of 'em," said Jack, with a terrible swagger and a squirt of tobacco juice to the leeward.

"Oh, you're a tough one, you are," said the captain, laughing.

"Why, shiver my timbers, old man, when we were laying at Havana three years ago, me and another sailor were attacked by about twenty of them Spaniards, and unship my rudder if we didn't get away with the whole lot of 'em," said he.

"Oh, stop your blowing, you big hulk. You know this is the first trip on the water that you ever made in your life," said the captain, going below.

"How's that, Jack?" asked Stump.

"Oh, the old man will have his little joke. Fact is, he don't want anybody to appear to be more of a sailor than he is. It's only his jealousy, for he knows I can teach him all about seamanship."

"Well, now, how'll we work it?"

"What? Getting ashore?"

"Yes. Shall we march boldly out and fight 'em?"

"Of course that would be the best way—that is my way, but we might get into a bad muss and bother the old man about sailing in the morning," said Jack, evidently weakening a trifle.

"All right, but I want to go up town somehow," said Stump, standing up on the schooner's rail, and looking over towards the Spaniard. "Ah, I have it."

"How?"

"We can have some fun, at all events. Wait," and going down into the forecastle he soon returned with a piece of rope six or seven feet long.

"What are you going to do, shipmate?"

"You keep watch a bit, and whistle if you see any of 'em going for me," saying which, he got down by the string piece of the wharf, and crept along in darkness towards the long gang-plank which led up to the deck of the Spanish brigantine.

On each side of this gang-plank there were hand-rails, supported at intervals by posts, and around two of these, about a foot high, Stump made fast his rope in such a way as to trip up anybody who might attempt to walk down it.

This done, he sneaked back to the schooner again.

"Now, if we can contrive to get those greasers out, you'll see some fun," said he.

"Good; but what a shame it is that we can't kill eight or ten of 'em just for fun. Do you know, I don't mind killing Spaniards any more'n I do rats."

"Oh, nonsense. We don't want any fun of that sort."

"Well, as for me, I want it, but of course we can't have it, more's the shame. Blast such a pious country as this is. Give me the Red, the Arabian. Bay of Bengal, Chinese, Yellow, and the Sea of Japan. There's where you can have fun and adventure, and if you happen to want to kill a man, why it's all right, nobody cares a snap whether you do or not."

Stump looked at him in amazement.

Wasn't he a terrible bad man, and only nineteen years of age! And what yarns he would give anybody who was meek enough to listen to him. This was really his first trip on the water, although he was giving it to Stump in hunks like the above.

"Come on; let's go up the wharf and see if those other duffers are waiting for us," said Stump.

"Yes, but it's only an aggravation."

"How?"

"Why we want to jump right in and sweep the street with 'em, and we can't on account of sailing in the morning," said Jack, sadly.

"Well, come on, anyway."

"Yes, but be careful, Stump," said he, following out upon the wharf.

But there didn't seem to be much murder in his eyes, neither did he appear to be in any great hurry.

"Come on! what are you afraid of?" calling back to him, "come on!"

"Afraid of! Shipmate, you don't know who you are talking to, as I would show you if this wasn't such a blasted pious piece of the globe. The idea of Jack Hawser's being afraid!" and he chuckled a mocking chuckle.

"Well, what are you hanging back for?"

"Why, ter protect our rear, of course."

"Oh, hang the rear!"

"That's all right, my little hearty, but as I told you before, the old man depends upon us to sail with the tide early in the morning."

"But perhaps they arn't there now."

"Careful, Stump; don't lead me into a fight, for I'm awful wicked, and don't know when to stop. Might kill two or three policemen before they secured me."

"Come along!"

Jack was dreadful anxious about his rear, for a man so

bad as he was, and for fear that he might get drawn into a fight he hung back and allowed Stump to go ahead.

He crept cautiously along, and had nearly reached the upper end of the wharf without molestation, when two of the Spanish sailors who had been watching for him sprang out from behind some casks, and ran for him.

Quick as a cat, Stump wheeled and ran back to the schooner, (but not fast enough to overtake Jack, who had run like a deer at the first alarm), hotly followed by the Spaniards, who were shouting in Spanish for their shipmates to rush out and intercept them.

Those on board the brigantine heard the call, and started down the gang plank as fast as they could run.

First one and then another tripped over the rope that Stump had drawn across it, some going head over heels into the water, and others rolling over upon the wharf.

In an instant there was not a man to be seen on his feet, and Stump made good use of his little duck legs, until he got safely on board the schooner again.

But where was Jack? He could see him nowhere, and so he called for him once or twice.

Nothing could be heard but Spanish groans and curses loud and deep, and the shouts of those in the water to those mixed up and their necks half broken on the wharf.

What had happened, nobody appeared to know, and several sailors from other vessels lying around came hastily to the scene, to learn what the row was all about.

Stump stood on the after deck for fully five minutes, watching and laughing over the result of his little snap; but finally becoming anxious regarding the fate of Jack Hawser, he started for the forecastle to see if he could find him there.

Just as soon as he was out of sight, Jack rose up from behind some boxes where he was hidden, and glanced cautiously around.

"Ho, Stump! where are you, my hearty?" he called.

"Here I am," said Stump, returning quickly; "but where the devil have you been?"

"Whew! Don't ask me until I get my breath," he replied, making believe that he was nearly winded.

"Where did you go to?"

"Don't ask me, shipmate. Whew, get a light."

"What for?"

"To see if I'm cut. Gracious, but that was tough."

"What was?"

"What! why, where are your ears?"

"Here, I guess."

"Well, what were they doing?"

"Sticking right to my head. Why?"

"Didn't you hear the fight?"

"No."

"Nor see it?"

"No."

"Good gracious; you must be deaf and blind!"

"Whose fight was it?"

"Why, mine to be sure. Whose else do you suppose it was?"

"All I saw was the fellows tumbling down that gang plank," said Stump, laughing.

"Oh, that was nothing. Why, I was right in among 'em, and they all turned upon me with their knives."

"You don't say so!"

"But I do though. Lord, what a fight that was for about a minute and a half. I lifted three of them up by main strength, and threw them overboard. Then five of them came for me with their sheath-knives, and the way I did knock them out of time was a caution. Don't know whether I am cut or not, for I never can feel any pain until the excitement is all over. See any blood?"

Stump held up a lantern and looked him over.

"No, I don't see any blood."

"Well, that's lucky, for there were seven of them on me at once, and if I hadn't knocked them down, one after

another as stiff as marline-spikes, they would have hacked me all to pieces, sure."

"By thunder, Jack, you're a brick!" said Stump, who was swallowing the yarn.

"Oh, that's nothing. I'm used to such rows; been in 'em lots of times. But if it hadn't been for sailing in the morning, with the tide, I should have given the coroner a job sure."

"Well, if they're well licked, let's go up-town," said Stump, setting down the lantern.

"No, I'm too tired. Guess I won't go. Besides, my watch comes on in about half an hour," said Jack.

"Oh, come along."

"No, Stump; it's too late now, and I'm tired. By thunder, seems to me I feel blood running down my back! Guess they sliced me a little after all. I'll go into the fore-castle and take a look at myself," and taking up the lantern, he walked away, leaving Stump thoroughly disgusted.

"Well, I had some fun with 'em, anyway," he muttered, as he sat down on the after hatch.

The Spaniards in the meantime had gathered themselves up, rescued their comrades in the water, discovered the rope across the gang-plank, and suspecting that it had been placed there by the mischievous Yankee runt, they swore separately, and then swore in chorus, that they would grease their boots in his blood.

The next morning the good schooner Bouncer let go her lines, and dropping out into the stream over towards East Boston, soon took advantage of tide and favoring breeze and got quickly on her way towards the blue ocean, sailing between the various islands which dot the bay so beautifully.

How the Spaniards ever managed to get revenge or to get over their madness, Stump never knew, although the affair lasted Jack Hawser for a long time to spin yarns upon, and they grew larger and larger every time he spun them.

The trip back to New York was a rough one. It came on to blow and rain soon after they sailed, and although it was nothing to alarm old skippers, yet it told on Stump and Jack very much.

Stump was very sea-sick, and so was Jack, but he tried very hard to conceal the fact.

"A healthy old salt you are!" said the captain, coming up to where he stood leaning over the schooner's side. "The idea of a sailor getting turned over in a little rock like this! Bah! you're a land lubber!"

"I've—I've got the cholera, cap," said he, mournfully.

"Chol—thunder! What are you giving me?"

"I—I tell you that I've got the cholera," said he, whiningly, for the loud-lunged salt was all gone out of him now, and he looked like a sick hen.

"Well, if you truly think you've got it, we will doctor you for it," said the captain.

"Oh, I know I've got it bad."

"All right. Here, Tim, bring me that big syringe that's down in the cabin," he called.

"Oh, Lord, what are you going to do, captain?" he asked, mournfully.

"Going to squirt some cholera medicine into you."

"Oh, dear, hadn't you better wait until you get back to New York?"

"No, you might be dead before then. Here Tim, hurry up. Now pull up a bucket of water."

The sailor was quick to obey.

"Come here, Stump. Have you got the cholera, too?"

"No; I'm sea-sick," moaned Stump.

"Your case seems to be very like this old salt's. Guess you had better have a dose of this medicine."

"No, thank you."

"Well, let's try it on the old salt first. All hands here to give medicine!" he called, and in half of no time the crew stood around grinning, while poor Jack was looking very sick and doing his best to keep his feet.

Two of them sat down on the water cask, and then the captain drew up a syringe full of the salt water.

The poor victim struggled hard, but it was useless, for the captain inserted the nozzle of the big squirt gun between his teeth, and forced the contents down his throat.

Such a coughing, squirming, and spluttering as followed would have either killed or cured anything, from an ingrown nail to a bad case of cancer.

"There, that'll make you feel better," said the captain, joining with the others in an uproarious laugh.

"Oh, Lord, I know I shall die," moaned Jack.

"No, you won't. Salt water is sure cure for cholera. Come, Stump, it's your turn next."

"Not if I know it," said Stump, darting up the ratlines with the agility of a monkey.

"Oh, I guess you're all right if you are as spry as that. Want any more, Jack?" he asked, turning to him again.

"Oh, no—no," said he, starting up.

"Think you'll recover?"

"Yes—yes."

"All right. Go forward, then, and help shorten sail," said he, turning away.

It was a terrible dose that the captain had given him, but it cured his sea-sickness, and before night he was something like himself again, although it was a long time before the crew let up on him about his bad case of cholera.

Well, in good time they reached New York, and all was lovely again. Jack gradually recovered his former spirits, and still insisted that it was not sea-sickness that got the best of him; he scorned such an idea; for it would give him away badly if he admitted it, and go to show that he was not the old sea-dog that he claimed to be.

As for Stump, he wasn't quite so crazy for a life on the ocean wave as he had been; for a great deal of the romance of the thing had been knocked out of him in this one trip, and he began to think that going to school wasn't so bad after all.

But he had made up his mind to astonish his mother and grandmother in his new suit of clothes, going home for a short visit during his father's absence, just to let them know the course of life he had decided on.

So one afternoon he took Jack along with him, telling him that he was going to give his folks a surprise, and told him to let himself out at full length.

Nothing in the world could please him so well as to get a chance where he could show off, and astonish ladies or greenhorns with his heavy sea-slang, which he had learned by reading sea stories, and he jumped at the offer to accompany his little friend.

Stump still had the latch key to the front door, and without giving any warning at all he proceeded to let himself and friend into the house. Then they both gave a wild whoop that startled everybody about the place with the idea that a band of Sioux Indians had forced their way into the house.

"Ship, ahoy!" yelled Jack. "Where's the crew?"

"Granny ahoy!" howled Stump.

"Where away!" and they both howled together.

By this time the entire trembling household had rushed up and down to the front entry to see who was there, and to learn what the matter was.

"Halloo, granny," said Stump, as the old lady came into the hall. "Heave alongside and give us your fin!" and he hitched up his pants in true sailor style.

"Why, Stump, is that you?" she exclaimed.

"Bet your bottom biscuit, old gal. How you was?"

"Oh—oh, you very bad boy!"

"Oh, Frank!" shrieked his mother, "where have you been all this time, and what does this dress mean?"

"It means," and they both sang:

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep;
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep."

"Oh—oh, you terrible boy!" put in his sister. "Who is that awful person with you?"

"That Caddy, old gal—that's my shipmate, Jack Hawser."

"Sarvice, ma'am," said Jack, taking off his hat and chucking a quid of tobacco into it for safe keeping. "Yer see, I'm an old salt, born on ther briny, cradled on the billows, and have never smelled anything but tar and bilge water all my life. Now, I'm this little duffer's shipmate, and am showing him the beauties of—"

and they sang again:

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep;
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep."

"There—there; that will do," said Stump's mother, as they started another verse. "Only wait until your father gets hold of you, that's all."

"Oh, I shan't wait. Thought I'd just run up and let you see how I am fixed."

"I only wish your father was here," said granny.

"Oh, we don't care for any dads. He's under my convoy now, and I'll make a tarry little son of a gun of him, never fear," said Jack, with a swagger.

"Halloo, Dina," said Stump, as the old cook came up to get a look at him. "How you was?"

"Oh, by golly, de debil hab come back 'gin fo' suah," said she, darting down-stairs again.

"Where have you been?" demanded his mother.

"Just returned from a voyage to Havana."

"Oh, what a fib!" said his sister.

"Avast there! What do you know about salt water?" asked Jack, with his usual swagger.

"I know that you are a disgustingly vulgar person, and I wish you would leave the house at once," said she.

"Belay that, my little fishing smack. I'm an out-and-out salt—a regular tar."

"A simple fool, more like."

"Stump, you are not going away with this awful person again?" said his grandmother.

"Oh, yes, I am, granny. He's one of the boys, he is, and we have bully times together, don't we, Jack?"

"In course we do," said he, in a deep bass voice. "Think of them fore-castle yarns, ha—ha—ha!"

"And the grog."

"And our jovial mess."

"And the bully smokes."

"And the riding over waves mountain high."

"Oh, you hit it, bully!" and they sang:

"Like an eagle caged I pine.
On this dull unchanging shore,
Oh, give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar."

Just as they finished the verse, Stump's father, whip in hand, strode into the room. The servant-man, John, had telegraphed for him.

"I'll give you all the roar you want," said he, seizing Stump by the collar and laying on the whip smartly.

"Oh—oh—oh! Go for him, Jack!" he cried.

But Jack was going for himself, going out at the front door on the double-quick. He hadn't calculated upon meeting any but women, but when old Slathers appeared, the bold tar came suddenly to the conclusion that he wanted more sea room than there was there, and so he slipped his cables and skipped.

"I'll dust the tar and salt water out of you, you young rascal," said Slathers, still giving it to Stump.

"Oh—oh—oh! it's all out now!" bawled he.

"No, it isn't. How do you like that?"

"Don't like it for a cent, oh—oh—oh!"

"Now come up-stairs and I will take care of you," he added, bouncing him up-stairs.

Arriving at his room, he placed him in it, shut and locked the door, leaving poor Stump there alone to rub his welts and ponder on the ups and downs of life.

CHAPTER V.

Poor Stump! his career on the ocean had come to a sudden and disastrous termination, and there he was, locked into his own room at home again after having received a first class basting at the hands of his indignant father, who now held the key of his prison.

It was rather tough thus to have a soaring ambition curbed; but what bothered him more than all else, as he sat there rubbing the welts which his father had just given him, was the strange conduct of Jack Hawser, the tarry salt, who had boasted so long and loud regarding his prowess, and how pleased he would be to have Stump's father attempt to flog him in his presence.

But that father not only did attempt it, but he succeeded to the entire satisfaction of all parties, and Jack had skulked and ran away like a cur.

This set him to thinking what other members of the crew had told regarding him, and now putting this and that together, he came to the conclusion that the boastful sailor was not only no sailor at all, but that he was a duffer on general principles.

This rather cured Stump of some of his lately acquired high notions and he was no longer sea-struck. But he felt that he would willingly take another just such a flogging as he now smarted under, if he could only get a chance to come square on that sea cur.

He fretted and fumed about the room during the remainder of the day, and at night his father again visited him with the patent whip.

"Now, sir, tell me all about yourself," said he.

Stump therefore proceeded to tell him all that he had done since leaving home.

"Now don't you regard yourself as a nice one?"

But Stump made no reply. He was perfectly willing that the old man should have everything his own way.

"To-morrow you go back to school, and if you wish to live out the remainder of your days, you will behave yourself. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we shall see how you act on it, and if you ever dare to run away again I'll take your hide all off. Now come down-stairs to dinner."

Stump followed meekly, but to tell the truth he would much rather have gone hungry than to have met his brothers and sisters at such a time.

"Come around here on the larboard side, Stump," said his brother George, laughing.

"Yes, come and mess with us," added his sister, joining in the general merriment of the family at his expense.

"Make fast in your old berth."

"Run out your hawsers."

"Shake the reefs out of your napkin," and other jibes and jokes were let fly at him in rapid succession.

"Oh, that's all right," said Stump, shaking his head.

"Where is your messmate; that tarry old sea-dog?" asked his sister, and being a very good actress, she gave an admirable imitation of that dreadful sea-lion, Jack Hawser.

This created a deal of merriment for all hands as they gathered around the table, with the exception of Stump. He couldn't see any fun in the affair to save his life, but he made up his mind to get even with somebody for all this family fun.

After dinner was over, his father took him to a clothing store, and bought him a new suit of clothes, giving the sailor rig to a little colored boy about his own size, after which he marched him home again, looking much more like the son of a wealthy merchant than he did before.

Stump felt very foolish, and had but very little to say, although his brothers and sisters kept poking fun at the little runt all the evening.

"Oh, I'll get even with you duffers for this, see if I don't! You don't poke fun at a fellow your size," said he, shaking his little fist at them.

"How are your tarry top lights?"

"Hitch up your trousers and give us a hornpipe," said one of the girls, sitting down to the piano and striking up the "Sailor's Hornpipe."

"Oh, that would be a short-stemmed hornpipe," said his brother George, alluding to Stump's shortness.

"Now, children, let him alone," said his grandmother, coming to his rescue, as usual; "he has been a bad boy, but he is going to school again, to-morrow, and be real nice."

They all laughed, and finally left the room, one of the girls to see her beau in the parlor, and the boys to spend the evening somewhere else, leaving Stump and his old granny alone.

The old lady gave him a good lecture on the crookedness of his ways, and he got out of the room before it was half finished.

Out in the hall he saw the hat and cane of his sister's beau, and he instantly concluded that he could have a little fun and pay her off for some she had had at his expense.

The hat was a "darling," brand new and bought especially for courting practice, and it shone like a new polished boot.

What could he think of to do with it? Brush the nap the wrong way?

"Wish I had a nest of little kittens to put into it," he mused. "Oh—oh! I have it!" and out he ran at the front door as hard as he could go.

Going to a paint store on Sixth avenue, he bought a quarter of a pound of lamp black, and then he bought an ounce of snuff at a cigar store.

Hurrying in he sprinkled the lamp-black and snuff into the beau's hat as it sat on the entry table, and as the lining happened to be black the snuff could not be noticed very easily.

This arranged, he got out of sight to see what a circus there would be when the fellow went to put his dicer on.

"What are you up to, Stump?" asked his mother, who happened to pass just as he was getting out of sight. "None of your mischief, mind."

"Oh, honest Injun, mammy."

"Very well, but I happen to know what your honest Indian generally means."

"Oh, you do, eh?" mused Stump, as she walked away. "Well, you wait a while and see what yer think of this honest Injun. But I don't suppose he'll get through with his lallygagging for an hour yet. Wonder what I shall do with myself until the show begins? Guess I'll go up-stairs and see what I can put up on them smarties that had the 'goose' on me," and up he went, for by this time he was over with the smarting of his father's whip, and the spirit of mischief was once more bubbling up.

He went into the chamber where his brothers slept, and after looking around for some time to see what sort of a job he could put up on them, he finally unscrewed the nails in the bedstead, so that it would be sure to fall down when they got into it, unless they should lie remarkably still, which would be remarkable for them to do, after which he piled up all the crockery in the room under it, so that the fall would make a sort of Fourth of July.

This arranged, he went down-stairs to his hiding-place again, where he did not have to wait long before the dandified beau came out of the parlor, followed by his adored one.

"Oh, oh! Isn't he just killing!" mused Stump.

"Aw, Miss Slathers, I assure you that I never spent a more delightful evening in my life. Wealy, you are so entertaining," said he, taking up his hat without noticing anything wrong.

"Thank you, Mr. Crusher. When will you call again?"

"Just as soon as you will allow me, deah."

"Come just as often as you please."

"Aw, thanks; *au revoir*," and with a flourish that was intended to be perfectly crushing, he brought his glossy hat up over his head, and the next instant he was hidden in a cloud of lamp-black and snuff.

"Great——"

"Oh, eh! What is it?" she asked, quickly.

He might have told her, perhaps, if he had known, or if he hadn't begun to sneeze so soon.

Such a sight as he was would have made a mule laugh, and he sneezed so hard that he turned a somersault every time, and managed to fall on that hat until it was as flat as a pancake.

Miss Slathers screamed, and everybody ran down-stairs to see what the matter was.

"Oh, papa, do come!" she called, as Mr. Slathers came from his library.

"What the deuce is the matter with that nigger?" he asked, approaching his daughter's blackened and sneezing beau.

"Oh, papa, it's Mr. Crusher."

"What the devil is he blackened up and giving that sort of a performance for?"

"Something dreadful has happened."

"I should say so, and if he don't stop sneezing, he'll blow out the gas and window glass."

Stump was clubbing himself to keep from yelling.

"Shut up, sir!" said Slathers, for he had no great opinion of Crusher when he looked his best.

"I—I—ar—te—chew!" said Crusher, knocking his head through the hat-rack mirror.

"Get out of here!"

"Oh, papa!"

"Get out of here, I say. I won't have such a performance in

my house!" and opening the front door, he bounced the unfortunate lover down the front stoop, and kicked his flattened hat after him.

The frightened girl ran to the window to see what had become of her lover. He had picked himself up, and was standing holding upon the front fence for support, where he kept up his terrific sneezing, jerking at the fence every sneeze as though trying to pull it down.

A crowd soon gathered, and so did a policeman, and he seized the blackened, hatless sneezer by the coat collar, and yanked him from the fence.

"What yer doin' here? Tryin' to break inter the house? Come along!"

"No—no, I—ar—te—chew!"

"Come along! yer can't play that snap on me, I'd have ye know. I'll arrest you for a suspicious person," and in spite of his protests and sneezing, he took him to the station house, followed by a great crowd.

"Served him right; the fellow's a lunatic," said Mr. Slathers, returning to his room, leaving his bewildered daughter to seek consolation of her mother.

They talked the matter over for a long time, but could come to no conclusion.

"I wonder where Stump is? I'll bet it was one of his tricks," said the daughter.

"I wouldn't be surprised," replied the mother.

"Well, it only serves you right, for you were plaguing him all the evening," put in the grandmother.

And that settled it; only that she took an oath a yard long to get even with him for it.

Poor Crusher was placed under a stream of water, and after enjoying the squirt for about half an hour, they stood him up for an examination. Happily he was enabled to give a pretty good one, and thereby escaped being locked up all night.

Stump stole up stairs into his room, and locking the door, he waited to hear from the job he had put up on his brothers, in the adjoining chamber.

It was heard about ten o'clock, just after the two young men leaped into bed, and it seemed as though the whole house had tumbled down, or that a crockery store had been struck by a tornado.

"That's Stump," said George, disengaging himself with difficulty from the wreck.

"Yes, confound him!" said Jim, as he struggled out on all fours. "Light the gas."

The light discovered a ruin not often seen, and in a few moments their father came up to see what part of the house had tumbled down.

Stump was suspected, of course, and they went to the door of his room to run him out. But it was firmly locked, and no amount of pounding could arouse him from his pretended sleep.

"Never mind, boys, he'll be out in the morning," said Mr. Slathers, going down stairs.

"Oh, the little runt."

"How I would like to throw him out of the window."

"Sling your hammock on the floor," cried Stump, opening his door and calling to them.

"Oh, we'll sling you," said they, rushing out to go for him.

But his door was closed and locked again before they could reach it, and all they could do was to jaw and threaten what they would do the next day.

But Stump knew well enough how long to lay in bed the next morning in order to escape them, and so he concluded he was very nearly even with them.

The next day Stump was handed over to Mr. Slagg, the principal of a boarding school in a little town over in New Jersey, and from whom he had escaped some two months before.

"Now, Slagg, I want you to cut right into his meat every time he don't behave himself," said Mr. Slathers.

"Very well, sir," replied Slagg, only too glad to get a

chance to come square on the young rascal for the many tricks he had played on him and others when he was there before.

"See if you can make something out of him, and if you can't, I'm going to make a bologna sausage of him."

And that was what the matter was with Stump's "Hannah" just about then.

The other boys gave him a great welcome, for he had been the life of the school, and the leader of all the deviltry when there, and it had been dreadfully dull ever since he had been away.

But Slagg rather put a damper on this business by calling Stump up for a flogging that very afternoon, and he gave it to him good.

Stump was just that sort of a hairpin.

"All right for him," he said to some of the boys. "I'll make him sick for that or he may give me another. They all seem to be down on me because I'm little, but I'll show 'em that they can't rub much in on me."

Slagg was a brutal, close-fisted old bachelor, and he ran the school on the most miserly principles, not giving his pupils enough of anything except flogging. Of that they had all they wanted, and more too.

He lived in his school and boarded his scholars. At least he went through the motions of boarding them, and they got something to eat in the village saloon if they happened to have the money; if not, they rubbed their stomachs and braced up on wind pudding.

There was a pretty lively lot of boys there, ranging from ten to seventeen years of age, not one of whom had the slightest respect for the principal, and all they needed was a leader to work up and play on him all the jokes they could carry out.

Not long after his return he played his first one. One of the boys had a box trap set out in the woods to catch squirrels, and one day the aforesaid trap closed on a skunk, and this they managed to get into a box and send to old Slagg by express from Jersey City.

Probably thinking that somebody had sent him a present of some sort, and desirous to show his consequence to his scholars—he brought it into the school room to open it in there after the school had been called to order.

He pried off the cover and out leaped that half famished perfumer, and in less than a half a minute he had got up and spread around the greatest scent that ever was known in a school room.

The boys yelled and then opened the windows, while others threw books and slates at the poor skunk, who was dodging here and there about the room and switching his cologne water around at a lively rate.

"Shoot him!"

"Hit him!"

"Kick him!"

"Open the door!"

"Oh, phew!"

"Two phews!"

"And no church pew either!"

The whole school was in a terrible uproar, and everybody, teacher and all, were holding their noses and yelling as loudly as they could.

"Silence!" roared Slagg, rapping his desk with one hand and holding his nose with the other.

"Stink!" shouted a dozen scholars.

"Silence, I say!"

"Stink, you mean?"

Mastering himself after a while, Slagg went and opened the door, thus enabling the stink to escape.

But he had left his trouble behind him in such quantities that there was no use in trying to keep school there any more that day, and so it was dismissed. In fact, the room was not purified for a week, and the boys enjoyed three straight holidays.

But Slagg was as mad as a wet hen, and he threatened to pay fifty dollars to anyone who would tell him who

played the trick. The boys, however, kept the secret well, although they laughed themselves sore over it when out of his sight.

"Wasn't that a jolly racket?" said Stump.

"You bet. 'Skunk' by express," said others.

"Wonder if he wants to lick me again for nothing? But I'm not even with the old duffer yet."

"Good for you, Stump."

"I've got another job for him?"

"What is it?"

"Never mind, you'll see before long."

But Slagg went for Stump again the first day that school was kept.

"Come up here, you rascally runt," said he.

"What for?" asked Stump.

"Don't you dare to talk back; don't you ask me what for. Come up here before my desk."

"I haven't done anything, sir."

"Very well, but I think it is time that I did something. March out!"

"What did I do, sir?" asked Stump, as he walked from his seat towards Slagg's desk.

"You laughed the other day during the excitement."

"So did everybody, for that matter."

"But you laughed the loudest and longest, and was, evidently, the ringleader."

"Me, sir?"

He hadn't time to ask any more questions before Slagg went for him with his ruler, and gave him a first-class flogging.

"Now, I'll go for him, anyway," he muttered, as he was again sent to his seat.

That night he took three or four of the boys into his confidence, and began to work out the next circus for the benefit of Old Slagg.

His room was just over the school-room, up one flight of stairs.

Procuring about two quarts of tar, and a bag of feathers, they awaited until after he had gone to bed, and they daubed the tar on every one of the steps of the stairs, and then sprinkled the feathers on top of it.

This arranged, they took the end of a small cord that they had lowered from the window of their room, and bringing it in an open window of the dining-room, they tied it to one of the table legs.

All being fixed, they crept cautiously up stairs, avoiding the tar, and after undressing so as to be all ready to jump into bed, they caught hold of the string, and pulled on it until they tipped the table over, smashing ever so many dishes, and making noise enough to raise the dead, and frighten the living to death.

Old Slagg was aroused by it, and supposing that the house was being sacked by burglars, he leaped out of bed in his night shirt, and seizing an old Spanish blunderbuss, he shouted for the boys to come to his assistance, and then started down stairs.

Pulling the cord hard enough, it finally broke down near where it was tied to the table leg, and then it was quickly put out of sight.

But they knew too much to follow him just then, and so pretended to be asleep.

Slagg was such a miser that he would have given his life sooner than have his things stolen, and so he rushed to the rescue, heedless of everything.

So excited was he, that he never noticed the tar and feathers, and before he reached the bottom of the stairs his feet looked like two huge pillows, on account of the feathers sticking to them.

"Who's there?" he called, when he reached the lower floor. "Speak, or I'll fire!"

Of course nobody spoke, and so he paused a moment to listen.

The old yellow cat heard his voice, and being frightened, probably, she gave a prolonged "mew," and Slagg at once

sent the contents of his blunderbuss in that direction, killing the cat, breaking a dozen panes of glass in a window near by, frightening the cook nearly to death, and getting kicked over himself by the recoil of the blunderbuss.

At this point Stump and two or three others appeared upon the scene with their bed lamps, eyes and faces chock full of wonder and alarm.

"What's the matter?" they all asked.

"Burglars!" gasped Slagg, crawling together and raising himself up on all fours, "and I guess I've killed five or six of them."

"Where are they?"

"In here. Come in and help me drag 'em out," said he, taking one of the lamps and walking cautiously into the dining-room.

The boys pretended to be very much alarmed, but they followed at a little distance. Of course the only dead burglar they found was the cat, but there was any quantity of dead dishes lying around.

It was a great mystery, and so intent was he upon solving it that he still remained in blissful ignorance of what was on his feet.

They righted the table, closed the windows, and tried to solve the conundrum, but all in vain. If burglars had really been in the building, they had evidently been frightened away by the noise they had accidentally made, and so Slagg concluded to wait until morning before attempting to make any further investigations.

All at once he discovered his feet, and so startled was he at the sight, that he dropped the lamp and yelled:

"Oh—oh! What's the matter with me?"

"Good gracious! What is it?" asked the boys.

"I—I believe this house is haunted by the devil!" said he, starting for up stairs again as fast as he could go, and picking up the remaining tar and feathers.

After examining himself for some time, he finally concluded that a trick had been played upon him by somebody, and he spent the remainder of the night in scraping the tar, feathers and skin from his feet and shins. It was a terrible job, and he cursed enough to kill a drove of mules while taking off his soft shoes and stockings.

The boys, of course, enjoyed the thing hugely, and laughed themselves to sleep over it. There was no school the next day on account of Slagg's being sick, and this added to the fun of the thing.

Strange as it may seem, he never suspected Stump or any of the others, but got it into his head that the proprietor of a rival school in the place was at the bottom of it, although if he reads this, he will find out all about it.

Nothing of importance happened during the next month, but one day at the end of that time, who should make his appearance in the place in quest of Stump, but Jack Hawser.

"Ah, shipmate, throw us your fin," said he, having lost nothing of his cheek or his swagger. "I'm devilish glad to find you, Stump. Got a big chance for you, my hearty."

Stump looked at him in wonder and contempt.

CHAPTER VI.

"JACK, you're a fraud," said Stump.

"Me! Why, you don't know me," said Jack, with a swagger and a squirt of tobacco juice.

"Yes, I do. You're a duffer."

"What do you mean, lad?"

"Why, didn't you funk and light out when dad reached for me with that raw hide?"

"Me funk? Not much!" said he, indignantly.

"Yes, you did."

"Why, Stump don't you remember how it was?"

"Of course I do."

"Didn't you see them two policeman who went for me?"

"Not much policemen!" and Stump laughed heartily at the thickness of the taffy he was giving him.

"Fact. Thought you saw 'em."

"Nary once."

"To be sure. Why, blast my scuppers, shipmate, they grappled and made fast to me just as your father was going for you with the rope's end. You see he brought them along with him to help clear the deck, and just as I squared away to go to your relief and knock the old landlubber out of water, why, damme, they grappled and snaked me over on my beam ends, and down the gang plank leading from the front door."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" ejaculated Stump.

"Facts I'm reeling off to yer, shipmate. Well, after we landed on the sidewalk and I got up on an even keel again, I just sent in these maulays of mine, starboard and larboard, like hot shot in an enemy's rigging, knocking them bottom up in a jiffy, after which I cut and run and got on board the schooner without trouble."

"Why, I thought you turned tail and funk'd."

"Me! Me turn tail? Jack Hawser funk? Now, shipmate, you can't mean that; you ought to know me better than to think that," said he, reproachfully.

"Well, I thought so, anyhow."

"Maybe it looked a little like it, for you see your old man was playing a dancing tune for you just then and you couldn't see me much."

"No, I was feeling about that time, that's a fact. Well, Jack, there's my hand. Shake."

This terrible old tar, this bad piece of salt junk, spit on his hand and caught Stump's furiously, and nearly shook the little fellow to pieces.

"Make fast to that, my hearty; let the bark of friendship swing to that anchor and I'm content. You don't believe that I showed the white feather now, do you?"

"Of course not, if you tell the truth."

"Truth! Did you ever know me to tell a lie? No, sir, I will neither lie nor desert a shipmate. Do you remember that terrible fight that I had with those bloody Spaniards in Boston? Fifteen of 'em on top of me at once. But I got away with 'em, didn't I, shipmate?"

"Guess you did."

By this time quite a number of the scholars had gathered around and were listening with open mouths and eyes as Jack rattled away, or one of them would venture to ask of his fellow if he wasn't one of the old salts we read of.

All this pleased Jack immensely, for you know by this time that he delighted in nothing so much as getting folks to listen to his yarns.

"Well, you see, Stump, the fact is, I didn't dare trust myself to go back into the house again after I had keeled over the two policemen, for you know what a terrible temper I have got when I get roused, and just as likely as not I should have killed your father if I had once got at him. So, perhaps it was best that I didn't run alongside and open the engagement."

"Golly, I wish he could only get hold of old Slagg once!" said one of the boys.

"Wouldn't he just paste him?" said another, and Jack was fast becoming famous.

"Well, what are you doing now?" asked Stump.

"Left that old lugger," said he.

"What! left the *Bouncer*?"

"Yes. Coasting is altogether too tame for an old salt like me, an' so I just told the old man that I'd slip my cable."

He didn't mention that the captain gave him the grand bounce, after becoming fully convinced that he was all blow and no sailor.

"Well?"

"You see, shipmate, I longed for the open sea once more, and so I have shipped on the brig *Rolla*, bound from here to Rio Janeiro, Brazil, with a cargo of machinery, and return with dye woods."

"The deuce you say."

"Sail day after to-morrow. Now, won't you go along?"

"Me?"

"Certainly. I can get you the same berth as cabin boy, an' we'll have cargoes of fun an' adventure, for it is a Yankee ship and Yankee crew, tally I-o—I-o! What do you say, Stump?"

"I've a devilish good mind to go," said he, thoughtfully. "Come out this way," he added, walking away from the other boys, so that they couldn't hear what was said.

"Best thing you can do, shipmate."

"How long will we be gone?"

"Oh, about four or five months, and then perhaps she will go somewhere else."

"Good enough! I'll go."

"Give us your fin on it," said Jack, offering his hand.

"There you are. Now, where shall I meet you to-morrow?"

"She lays at Pier 10, East river; meet me on board."

"What time?"

"Any time."

"All right. Shake again!" and again they shook hands. "Mum is the word, though, Jack, for dad told old Slagg to keep his eye on me, and I shall have to steal away."

"Good boy; and if you want any help, send for me, and, blast my tarry top-lights, I'll come out here and make the old land-lubber so sick that he can't eat grub for six weeks."

"All right, but I'll get away from him, never fear. Good-by; keep your windward eye out and you'll see me sure."

With this understanding they separated, and the boys gathered around Stump to hear more about this jolly old sea-dog—aged about twenty.

"Oh, he was a shipmate of mine during that trip I told you about," said Stump. "But, I say, let's get up a hair-curler for old Slagg, to-night, for I may not be here afterwards."

"Going away?"

"Going to sea again?"

"When?" and various other questions were put to him in rapid succession.

"No, perhaps not, but I'm going to take another vacation just for fun, that's all. But you fellows keep mum; understand?"

"Oh, yes; but don't go, Stump," said several, for they all knew how dull it would be after the leader of the fun had gone away.

And so the duties and larks of the day were gone through with as usual, and night came.

Stump in the meantime had made up his mind what sort of a circus he would play on his old teacher, the detested Slagg, and he had also packed up what things he wanted in a bundle, and made preparations to run away that night after everybody was asleep.

Slagg went to bed as usual, after convincing himself as well as he could that the boys were all in bed as they should be, and it was not long after that his bugle horn gave evidence that he was asleep.

During the day Stump had bought some phosphorus at the druggist's, and taking a sheet from his bed, he fixed it to a pole with arms so as to make it look like a ghost. This arranged, he took some ink and made big black holes for eyes, mouth, nose, etc., around each of which he drew a line of phosphorus which gave it a most strange and unearthly look at night.

Several of the boys knew what was going on, and assisted him in fixing the "ghost."

About ten o'clock Stump shook hands with them all, and taking his bundle, stole softly down stairs and out of the house to where he had his ghost secreted.

Taking the pole in his hand, he marched with it to the window of the room where Slagg slept, it being on the first floor and facing the garden, and he raised it up before

it, although his own head didn't reach up to the window sill.

The boys were listening up stairs for the fun to begin.

When all was in readiness he reached up and rapped on the window pane to waken the old man, and waken he did with a terrible start, while his hair stood on end like quills on the fretful porcupine.

"Oh, Lord, have mercy," he moaned, as he sat bolt upright in his bed. "Wha—wha—oh, dear—oh, dear! What's the matter?" he stammered, between his chattering teeth.

"You're a fraud!" said Stump, in a deep, assumed voice.

"Oh, yes, Lord!"

"And an old tyrant!"

"Oh, yes, Lord!"

"And you kiss the cook!"

"Oh, yes, Lord!"

At this point some of the fellows who were listening up stairs, unable to hold in any longer, laughed, and Slagg heard it.

This half aroused him, although he was still trembling, and he leaped out of bed and seized his old blunderbus. Before he knew what he was doing, evidently, he drew up the old gun, and let drive a charge of shot through the window, smashing nearly every pane in it.

Stump dropped his ghost, and catching up his bundle he ran down through the garden, and was quickly into the highway, headed for Jersey City, laughing and chuckling to himself as he waddled along.

As for Slagg, the report of his blunderbuss—the crash and rattle of the broken glass, together with the sudden exit of the ghost that had frightened him so, gave him a nerve, and he instantly tumbled to the fact that somebody (Stump most likely), had played a joke on him.

Madness succeeded fright, and seizing a strap, he rushed up stairs to deal out his vengeance. But before he reached the room where the larger number of them slept, they were all in bed again, and pretended to be asleep.

But this wouldn't go down with Slagg; he had been badly fooled, and somebody had got to smart for it, so he stripped down the bed clothes, and went for the first he came to; going for two innocent ones first, of course, and in less than ten minutes he had larupped every one of them, and kicked up the devil's own row in the house.

In his excitement, he, of course, could not tell whether he had given Stump his dose or not, for it wasn't light enough to see whether he was there or not; but thinking he had done so, he rested awhile.

"Now, then, if I ever catch one of you young rascals playing any more tricks about this school while you are here, I'll make about thirty juvenile funerals, and don't you forget it."

"We didn't do it," whined several.

"Shut up! not a word out of your heads, or I'll give you another dose all around," said he.

This quieted matters a little, and he went down stairs again to see what damage he had done. It didn't take him long to find out. There would be no lack of ventilation until about a dozen panes of glass were set, and as that was only the second window that he had shot into smithereens on account of those boys, he felt mad enough to give himself a strapping.

Stump did not reach Jersey City until daylight the next morning, and he was weary, hungry and footsore, being a very slow walker and not much of a one at best.

Resting there and getting some breakfast, he took the ferry over to New York, and reached the *Rolla* about nine o'clock, where he found Jack Hawser swabbing up the decks, and with the others, getting the brig in trim for sailing the next day.

He was, of course, delighted at seeing him so early.

"Scuttle my back stays, Stump, if you arn't a brick," said he, after he had related his escape.

He took him aft and introduced him to the captain.

"This is the little one I spoke to you about, captain."

"Well, by thunder, he is a little one," said the captain, looking at Stump from head to foot.

"He's little, but, oh, my! captain," said Jack.

"Well, what's your name?"

"Frank Slathers," said Stump.

"But everybody calls him Stump," said Jack.

"And so I should think they would. How old are you?"

"Seventeen, sir."

"Well, what in thunder have you been doing that you haven't grown any?"

"Don't know. Guess I'm the runt of the family."

"I should say so. But Jack tells me that you understand the duties of cabin boy."

"I guess I do, sir."

"And you want to ship with me?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. I'll give you regular cabin boy's wages and try you one voyage. I rather like the looks of you. Now you want about two months advance pay to get your outfit with. Come ashore with me and I'll fix you."

"Go it, Stump; get a regular full dress, same as you had before," said Jack.

"All right."

And he followed the captain up the wharf to a clothing store, where he got a regular sailor's outfit, although they had some trouble in finding things that would fit him.

After everything was fixed, he asked the store-keeper for writing materials, and wrote the following letter to his father:

"DEAR DAD: I've skipped out again—gone to sea, bound for Rio Janeiro, Brazil, and if things work as I hope they will, you will not have the pleasure of playing rawhide tag with me any more. Be good to yourself, daddy. Give my love to all the folks, and don't get so mad as to club yourself, because you cannot club your loving son. "STUMP."

Posting this, he went on board the brig, and spent the remainder of the day in learning his duty, and in helping to get the brig ready for sea.

He looked like a miniature sailor, indeed, dressed in his natty rig, and before he had been on board two hours, he became a favorite with the officers and all hands.

It was a jolly crew, and Stump made up his mind that he should have any quantity of fun with them, and as for Captain Martin, he was a thorough seaman, but a hearty, good-natured man as ever trod a vessel's deck.

The next morning they sailed, and swept out of New York harbor like a huge, white-winged seagull, for the *Rolla* was one of the finest vessels that ever sped over the waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

Stump's father was an awfully mad parent when he received the letter, and he went for old Slagg like a house afire. But the only thing he made by it was to receive a bill for about twenty dollars damages, in addition to the regular school bill.

He paid it, but it was lucky that Stump wasn't where he could be reached just then. The family felt very bad about having him go to sea, but after all it was voted the best thing that he could do.

Well, things went quite nicely for the first week.

The weather was fine, and both Stump and Jack were learning much.

As yet, neither of them had been sea-sick, but Jack was very cautious about how he spun his sea yarns, for the crew was made up of old, experienced sailors, and these were not the ones he liked to blow to.

He knew too much for that, but still he had Stump and another green hand to whom he could spin his yarns without fear of being detected.

There was one old fellow, however, who would occasionally honor him by listening to his big yarns, and principally because he was naturally such an awful liar himself, al

though he generally lied in a different channel from what Jack did.

This fellow's name was——, well, nobody knew what his real name was, but everybody called him "Tongs."

He was about fifty years of age; had evidently never known anything but sea experiences, and was noted for telling the confoundest yarns that were ever listened to, and, what was the cheekiest thing about him, he was ready to fight with anybody who assumed to doubt his word; and as he was a tough customer in a fight, those who knew him never pretended to doubt his veracity.

Tongs liked to listen to yarns as well as he loved to tell them, and the only consistent thing about him was, that he would never pretend to doubt what he heard, however bald-headed it might be.

One afternoon the sailors were seated on the fore-castle telling yarns as usual. The day was fine, and being a steady wind, they had scarcely anything to do from morning until night, except to take their watch and turns at the wheel.

Jack Hawser had been spinning a terrible yarn to Stump and the green hand, when Tongs and three others of the crew went forward and sauntered into the little circle to hear or be heard.

"Now, messmate, that yar reminds me of a little bee-party that I took a hand in once," said Tongs, stowing away a tremendous quid of plug tobacco.

Jack was watching him closely, for at last he had come across a man after his own heart, a real genuine old sea-dog, and before they had been out a week he had got so that he could imitate him in many ways.

"What was it, Tongs?" asked two or three.

"Wal, you see, it was on board the whale ship *Scalper*. I was a whaling then. We had watched for 'bout five days without seein' ary a blow, an' the cap'n began to think as how the grease-bags had gin us the go-by entirely. But one afternoon the man at the masthead sings out: 'There she blows!'

"Where away?" asked the captain.

"Three points off the lee-bow, sir," said the man.

"Man No. 1," said the cap'n, turnin' to me, for I was the cap'n of No. 1 boat.

"In less than two minutes the boat was manned, an' we war a spinnin' through the line arter that spouter. Wal, arter rowin' 'bout two miles we came up to a big right whale, an old bull, layin' on the water as calmly as a settin' hen. I took up the harpoon an' put the crew on their quiet. Floatin' up within half-a-dozen yards, I let drive the iron an' plumped it into him good an' strong. Of course he took a dive, an' we paid out the line, or, rather, it spun out at the rate of a mile a minute for five minutes."

"What! five miles of line to a harpoon?" asked one of the sailors.

"Ain't I a tellin' on yer? Yes, it spun out five miles, an' then the old cuss began to weaken and want to come up for fresh air. Then we reeled in, an' presently up he came, about half a mile away. He rested a few minutes, an' then began to make a bee-line east, pulling the boat after him at the rate of three miles a minute. Fact! An' if you'll believe it, that boat went so fast through the water that it burnt the paint all off her bottom with friction, and she sent a stream of water off her bows three hundred feet high."

"Gracious!" exclaimed several.

"Yes, sir, and we hung on for dear life, bound to go as fast and far as he did. But he seemed to have the life of a dozen whales in him, and before we knew it we were out of sight of the ship and still skipping along. The crew begged of me to cut the line an' let him go to the devil, but I said no; I would go as far as he did. Well, we kept on all night, the boat leaving a streak of smoke behind her all the while, an' when mornin' came we sighted land dead ahead. But still the whale kept on at the same speed, and

before six bells we were run into the harbor of San Francisco."

"Great Moses!"

"Fact; we had been dragged two thousand miles, and before we knew what had happened or whar we war, we went plump ashore. The whale run high an' dry on land, an' we arter him. Wal, of course thar wur no such a thing as gettin' back to the ship, so we went to work an' made a thousand dollars apiece on the oil."

"I don't believe it," said Stump.

"What! Thunder an' slush! What's that yer say, yer little belly-button? Do yer want me to treat a shark with yer?" said Tongs, wrathfully.

"No; I don't care about it," said Stump.

"Wal, I shall be 'bliged ter do it, if yer talk that yer way ter me; I don't 'low anybody ter tell me I lie; understand?"

"Oh, I forgot, Tongs, I thought Jack was spinning."

"Wal, Jack's his own boss, I got nothin' to do with him or his yarns. It's 'nough for me ter look arter my own, an' keep my reputation good."

"That's so, and it's a good job for any able-bodied seaman to do," said Stump, laughing.

"Wal, jist yer remember it, sonny."

"Oh, I believe it," said Jack.

"Of course, we all believe it," said the others.

"Why not? Yer know I hate liars," said Tongs.

"Guess he don't love himself much, if that's the case," said Stump, whispering to Jack.

"Hush! He's awful if yer get him mad. Make him believe that it's a Sunday-school story," said Jack, in a mysterious whisper.

"Oh, I'll take the yarn all in, if I've got a place to stow it. It may be a true story, but, see, I haven't got used to him yet. But, come to think of it, Tongs, I guess that is a true story," he said, turning to the great yarn-spinner.

"Guess!" sneered Tongs.

"Well, I'm putty sure of it, for I knew a man who bought some of that oil."

"You did?" asked several.

"Yes, he greased his old hay-wagon with it once, and there was so much go in the darned stuff that the old hay-stack buggy at once started off without any horse in it, and it ran right over his barn, climbed up a five thousand-foot mountain, waltzed down the other side, and never stopped until it was all worn out."

"What, the wagon or the mountain?" asked Jack.

"Jack, do you want me to keep a shark boarding house with you?" asked Stump, imitating Tongs; "if you don't, dry up."

"Stump, you can tell a putty fair shore story, but if yer don't confine yourself to possibilities, yer can never tell fore-castle yarns," said Tongs.

"What? you don't believe it?" he demanded, savagely.

"Of course I do, lad; I'm too much of a gentleman to doubt anybody's story, only you want a little more experience in getting yer facts together."

"Good enough! Now let us have a dance," said he, producing his flageolet, and commencing to play the sailors' hornpipe.

This pleased the crew highly, and in less than two minutes half a dozen of them were dancing away at a great rate. Jack and Tongs went in on it heavy, and officers and all went forward to see the show-off.

Well, after a run of a little less than four weeks, the *Rolla* entered the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, one of the most beautiful in the whole world.

CHAPTER VII.

WE read much of the Bay of Naples, the Golden Horn of Constantinople, and the beautiful Bay of San Francisco, but none of them can compare in natural beauty to the harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

There is one thing against it, however, and which marks it as belonging to a race inferior to our own, and that is, there are no wharves; and all the loading and unloading of vessels is done by lighters. But for this the harbor of "Rio" would stand at the head of them all in every respect.

Stump by this time had become a great favorite with the officers and crew on board the *Rolla*, for he was all life and fun, and was continually playing pranks with somebody, but more especially Tongs, the champion liar of the crew, before whom Jack Hawser even paled.

Of course he had little or nothing to do with unloading

shaking his fist at the receding monkey, while the others were convulsed with laughter.

"Come back here, Bob!" called Stump; but he only stopped a moment to look below, and then, with a chatter that seemed almost like laughter, he continued his way upward, until he reached the very top of the foremast.

"Laugh, will yer, yer swabs?" said Tongs, turning sharply upon the crew.

"Who could help it? See him perched up there with your sou'wester on his nut!" said three or four.

"Rot the cuss! I wish he'd tumble down and go overboard. I wouldn't mind losing my hat," he growled.



"Oh, Lord, have mercy!" he moaned. "Wha—wha—oh, dear—oh, dear! What's the matter?" he stammered, between his chattering teeth.

the cargo, and was frequently ashore with the captain, or was sent on errands for him; and thus he became quite well acquainted with the beautiful city before any of the rest of them had had a chance to go ashore.

One day, while ashore for something or other, he bought a big monkey and took him on board. In truth, he was almost as large as he was himself, and quite as full of the devil. So it was no wonder that they became good friends right away, although the crew had long ago come to the conclusion that Stump had mischief enough in him to answer all purposes, without getting an assistant in the shape of a monkey.

Stump christened his monkey "Bob," and before he had owned him a week every person had threatened to shoot him at least half a dozen times for his capers.

But as they all loved Stump, they put up with more from Bob than they would have suffered if he had been owned by anybody else, and so he was tolerated and threatened, and while playing pranks with the others, he never attempted them on his little owner.

One day he stole up behind Tongs, who was spinning one of his tremendous yarns, and snatching his hat, jammed it over his own head, and ran chattering up the rigging.

"Here, you ring-tailed devil, bring that back, or I'll blow your head off," roared Tongs, leaping to his feet and

Stump was trying to coax the monkey to bring back the hat, but Bob seemed to enjoy the fun so well, that he had no idea of giving it up just then.

"Come down here, Bob, or you'll get no grub."

Bob looked sober for a moment, and then as if understanding what Stump had said, he crowded the hat still further down over his head, and started slowly to come down from his lofty and dangerous perch.

"That's all right," they murmured.

"Wal, it best be all right, or I'd have kicked him overboard," said Tongs.

"Ah, there he goes back again," said Jack Hawser.

"Yes, that's so."

"Now I'll kill the ring-tailed cuss, anyhow."

"No you won't, Tongs," said Stump.

"I won't! Grut slush-buckets! I won't, hey? We'll see about that, my lad."

"If you hadn't said anything about kicking him overboard, he'd have brought it down all right."

"Grut nater! Du yu pretend as ter think an' ter say that that yer beast understood me?" asked Tongs.

"Of course he did."

"No—no, lad," said he, shaking his head, "you can't talk that down an old sailor like me. Why, blast my binnacle lights, hasn't he been eddercated in the Portygese language, if he knows anything?"

"Oh, I have been teaching him English."

"Been teachin' him deviltry more like."

"'Sh! here he comes."

"Yes, but confound his picter, he's left my hat on the mast-head."

That was true, for after tooling around for a few moments, he slid down the mast a little ways, and then deliberately took the hat from his head, and placing it squarely on the mast-head, he started to go down, stopping every little while to look back and chatter, as if complimenting the mast for wearing a hat on its "head."

the deck three or four times, and finally he leaped overboard rather than allow Tongs to caress him.

This made him feel better, and as he stood watching Jack floundering around in the water, he burst into a hearty laugh, and then lent a hand to pull him out of the moisture.

In the meantime Bob had returned to the deck. Stump was giving him a lecture, the severest part of which was that he would get no grub for a whole week if he didn't return and bring down the hat.

Bob appeared to understand it, and so up the rigging he flew like a cat, and soon he returned with the hat, al-



"Oh—oh! take him off," shouted Tongs, and the monkey chattered and dug his nails into the boss liar's scalp, "Take him off."

"Now I'll kill him anyhow, sure pop," and Tongs began looking around for some weapon.

"No—no, Tongsy, old man. I'll make him get it for you; see if I don't," said Stump, coaxingly.

"Thunder an' tar, don't I wish yer war as big as I am," said he, clenching his fists.

"What for?"

"Why, then I'd have a show."

"What sort of a show?"

"Of lickin' slush out of you, or killin' your monkey."

"I'm awful sorry for you, Tongsy, and if it will make you feel much better, I'll hire Jack Hawser, here, to take my place," said Stump, laughing.

"Do it, you little fag end, do it. Get Jack to stand up for yer," said he, eagerly.

"What do you say, Jack?" asked Stump.

"Oh, I wouldn't fight with Tongsy, ole shipmate; why, no, not for the world," said Jack.

"Wal, somebody's got ter fight me, an' it may as well be you's anybody else. Come here!" and he made a dive for that wicked old salt with a pair of fists as big as hams.

But Jack skipped—lit out. He didn't want to fight, much less old Tongs, all because he was his shipmate, of course.

Tongs really wanted to get a few cracks at somebody, on account of his being so mad, and he chased Jack around

though he managed to keep behind Stump, and out of the way of Tongs after he had returned it.

"Oh, I'll warm yer sometime so yer tail 'll curl," said he, shaking his fist at him.

A chatter of defiance was his only reply.

"Jack, you look as though you had been out in a heavy dew," said Stump.

"Oh, that's all right. I have been wanting a swim for some time," responded Jack, trying to look happy.

"I axes yer pardon, Jack," said Tongs, extending his hand, "but I war so tarry mad!"

"Oh, that's all right, messmate. I'd rather jump overboard an' feed sharks with myself anytime than to fight with a shipmate," said he, shaking hands.

"Yer a dog-goned good fellow, Jack, an' if ever I gets a chance I puts in a lick for yer."

"Of course you will, same's I would for you, Tongsy, old man. I'm bad in a fight, but nothing can ever tempt me to strike a shipmate. Aren't that so, Stump?"

"Of course it is."

"Remember those twenty Spaniards that lit on me when we were laying in Boston?"

"Yes, indeed."

"An' didn't I get away with 'em?"

"I guess you did, Jack."

"Slung eight or ten of 'em overboard, an' they all had knives drawn on me, eh, Stump?"

"You bet."

"An' you remember those two policemen that I got away with at your father's house?"

Stump nodded, for he felt that he couldn't own up to much more when he had only Jack's word for it all.

"They had me down once, and were pounding me with their belaying pins, but I let go right and left, and I dare say they're in the hospital, now."

The reader probably remembers how much truth there was in Jack's stories.

"Wal, I axes yer pardin', I do, an' I gives yer leaf, right afore the whole crew, ter give me a belt on my cutwater, plump, bang, if ever I go for yer that way again. Understand?"

"That's all right, shipmate, but nothing would tempt me to do it. It's agin my nature."

Jack was telling the truth this time.

"But I want yer ter do it, Jack. It would knock some sense inter me."

"Oh, your're too good a fellow to be hit."

"No, I arn't, an' the next time I go for yer all for nothin' yer hit me; I mean it, I want ter learn a lesson, an' if yer don't do it, I'll hit yer!"

That was putting Jack into a bad box. But he was a good runner, and over that thought he smiled.

"Now, let's see. Whar war I when that cussed baboon went aloft with my hat? What war I a-tellin' on yer?" he asked, as the crew again got seated.

A momentary silence followed, during which all hands looked thoughtful, as though trying to recall the thread of what he had been telling, but none of them appeared able to do so.

"Wal, never mind, I'll tell yer 'bout my last visit ter this 'ere city," said he, at length.

"All right, go ahead," was the response.

"All hands man the capstan!" said Stump, imitating the first mate's voice.

They all looked up wonderingly.

"What for?" asked Jack.

"To wind in Tongs' yarn," said Stump, laughing.

"Confound you, Stump, I'll throw you overboard yet," said Tongs, laughing, in spite of himself.

"Go ahead, Tongs, an' don't mind him," said Tom Spike, a great lover of yarns.

"Wal, I war agoin' ter tell yer how I came ter get ther name of 'Tongs,' shipmates."

"Not going back to your christening, are you?" asked Stump.

"Of course not. Why?"

"Because I thought Tongs was the only name you ever had; that's what I have heard."

"Nonsense, lad. But I'm goin' ter tell yer a story, now as will knock tar an' oakum right outer all yer book yarn romances," and taking his sheath knife he chopped off a huge quid of tobacco and proceeded to stow it away as if to give him inspiration.

Jack Hawser did the same, for he wanted to appear just as tough and salty as the worst in the world.

"It war 'bout ten years ago. I war a sailin' afore the mast in the ship *George Washington*, going atween New York an' this 'ere Rio. Wal, a lot on us war ashore one day, raisin' the devil's delight 'mong the natives down near the water, when all ter once there came a great hilla-bulloo 'bout somethin', an' we all rushed out of the wine shop whar we war ter see what it war all 'bout, when we spied a grand team of horses an' a chariot a dashin' down the street towards us, as though a tidal wave war shovin' 'em along. Everybody yelled, an' it seemed that some big gun war in the chariot, though from where we stood we couldn't see. Wal, I just gave my trowsers an extra hitch like that, an' waited for them mad hosses ter come up; when they did, I made a grab for the head of the leader;

clung ter him like death to a sick nigger, an' stopped the team as they was 'bout ter plunge into the water."

"Gracious!" exclaimed several of his listeners.

"Yes, sir, an' who der you think war in ere chariot?" stopping short and slapping his thigh.

"Some rich man, perhaps," suggested Jack.

"Wal, I should say so. Boys, it war Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, an' his beautiful daughter. Fact. They both leaped from the chariot as the guard came galloping up. She just flung herself into my arms, an' snivelled her thanks in Portygese, while the emperor caught me by the hand, an' says he: 'Take her—she is yours!' 'No, thank you, Dom,' says I, 'I only did my duty.' 'Oh, noble man!' moaned the beautiful princess, 'do have me!' I told her no, that sailors generally had a wife in every port; I knew, but that, unfortunately, I had one in Rio already, an' it might make a muss. This seemed to sorter quiet her, an' then the emperor took a big gold an' diamond medal out of his pocket, hailed me as 'Tongs,' an' then pinned it onto my jacket."

"Good gracious!" they all exclaimed.

"Fact. Wal, of course, I had no berjection ter that, an' so I let him have his way. The guards took charge of things, an' they rode away, tellin' me that I war welcome ter the palace anytime."

"But what does 'Tongs' mean?" asked the second mate, who had also been listening to the yarn.

"Wal, that thar is Portygese talk, and means in that language 'The Bravest of the Brave,' so I'm told."

"Where is the decoration now?"

"I lost it," said he, with a sigh.

"How?"

"Wal, it's a long story, an' maybe you don't care to hear 'bout it."

"Oh, tell us," said several.

"I lost it in Calcutta, Ingy; yer see we war just gettin ready to sail one day when the main boom swung round and knocked me overboard, an' before I could reach the surface I had been swallowed by a big shark; took me right in without stoppin' to undress me. Wal, yer must know that I felt sorter mad, but I just made up my mind to get out of that gullet, or make that shark so sick that he'd throw me up, same as the whale did Jonah. Wal, sir, I felt around an' got hold of my sheath-knife, an' cut a hole through that shark big 'enough to swim out on. Fact."

"And did you swim out?" asked Stump.

"In course I did."

"Well, I guess you'd best 'swim out' now, for you are over your head," said he, laughing.

"Don't get me mad, Stump."

"But how about the medal?" asked the mate.

"Oh, I never seen it after that tussle, an' I guess I must have left it inside of the shark."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed the mate, turning away, "the cursedest yarn I ever heard yet."

Tongs leaped indignantly to his feet.

"The worst I ever heard!" roared the mate.

"Great hams! You don't believe it!" yelled Tongs.

"Believe it!" and he laughed louder still.

"Messmates, you know I'm a fearful critter as ever spliced a rope, but I can lick tar out of any man aboard this brig that ain't an officer. Not believe me! Thunder an' marlinspikes. I—I say, Jack, are you my friend?" he asked, turning to him.

"Of course I am."

"Are yer the mate's friend?"

"To be sure; why not, Tongsy?"

"All right. If yer his friend, just put up yer pins for him, for 'twon't do to strike an officer. Put up quick, for I'm ragin'."

"No—no, I——" Jack began.

"Put up, I say!" and he endeavored to give him a belt on the head that would surely have put him on the sick

list for a month, if he hadn't dodged and got out of the way dreadful quick.

Jack ran towards the mate, evidently hoping that he would take his part, but that officer regarded it only as a lark, and so after chasing him around the deck three or four times, he finally had to jump overboard in order to escape him.

Poor Jack! This was the second time he had been overboard on account of somebody else, and the ridiculousness of the thing set everybody to laughing, with the exception of Tongs, whose mad was still up.

Finally the mate interfered and arranged matters. Jack was once more drawn out of the drink, and stood up near the scupper to drain off and dry himself. But he didn't laugh much.

"Why didn't yer hit me?" asked Tongs.

"Didn't I tell you I wouldn't? Needn't think I'm going to do anything agin my principles to please you or anybody else," said Jack, sullenly.

"Wal, all right, Jack; but you'n I can't be very good friends, if yer can't do a little thing like that for me," replied Tongs.

Well, that ended the fun for that day. The next afternoon several of them went ashore, and enjoyed themselves, Tongs among the number; but it is needless to say that he did not call on the emperor to renew his acquaintance with himself and daughter.

Stump and Bob managed to have a great deal of fun together during this stay at Rio de Janeiro, and he taught him any number of tricks, until together they became a great source of amusement for the whole crew, and greatly attached to each other.

At length the cargo was all in, and the *Rolla* sailed on her return trip to New York. Of course Bob went along with them; for by this time he had come to be looked upon as one of the crew.

Stump had, among other things, learned him to dance to the music of his flageolet, and this afforded no end of fun for both officers and men.

The weather was splendid until they approached the equator, when they lay becalmed for a week or more, under a sun that nearly blistered them. This, of course, did not come so hard on most of the crew; for they had nearly all of them been in the same latitude frequently, but Stump and Jack Hawser had nearly all of the grease tried out of them, although Jack would not admit that he minded it in the least, or that he had never experienced the heat of the equator before.

"Wal, Stump, how der yer like it?" asked Jack, one day.

"Like it! Like what—being broiled?" asked Stump.

"Yes," said Jack, laughing.

"Not any; I wish I could take off my meat and go around in my bare bones. The captain says that some of the islands hereabouts are inhabited by cannibals, and I guess I know why they locate in this part of the world."

"Why?"

"Because they are dreadful lazy devils, and in this climate their meat comes to them ready cooked."

"Oh, this isn't so hot."

"Isn't! No, I dare say it may be a little hotter in a baker's oven," said Stump, with a sigh. "Why, even Bob keeps in the shade," said he, pointing to the monkey, who had found a little shade and was looking serious over it.

"Nonsense; when I was in the Bay of Bengal I have seen it so hot that we had to keep swashing water over the decks to keep the ship from taking fire."

"Hold up there, Jack, it's too hot for that yarn."

"Fact."

"Bah! that's nothing," said Tongs, who chanced to overhear the yarn. "I've seen it so hot at the Hiawaian Islands in the Pacific, that the cap'n couldn't carry his watch, it got so hot. Fact. Had to keep it in a basin of

water to keep it cool. But that wasn't the worst I've seen on the 'quator in the Pacific."

"Don't tell us anything worse, or I shall melt," said Stump, panting.

"Oh, I'm telling yer ther honest truth. It got so hot there once that the ship kept gettin' afire, and finally we had ter sink her and let her stay under water for three months, until the sun got north."

"Oh, give us a rest!" exclaimed Stump.

"What! Don't yer b'lieve it?" demanded Tongs, instantly getting on his ear.

"It's too warm to take that all in. Tongs, I'd like to accommodate you, and if you'll wait until we get a few degrees further north, I'll hoist it all in."

"Thunder an' okum!" said he, darting forward to give Stump a cuff, but quick as thought the monkey leaped upon his shoulders, and began pulling hair and scratching him at a lively rate.

"Oh—oh; take him off!" shouted Tongs, and the monkey chattered and dug his nails still further into the boss liar's scalp. "Take him off!"

"Get down, Bob," said Stump, and the monkey obeyed, although he darted up the rigging and sat on the fore yard, where he chattered and scolded the fellow who was about to strike his little friend.

"Dancing Jerusalem. Where's that devil—where's a gun? I'll kill him now for sure," yelled Tongs.

"No, you won't," said the captain, who had observed the whole transaction. "You began it. Now shut up."

"Oh—oh! must I bear this? Great Neptune, must I bear this?" he howled, dramatically.

"Guess you will have to."

"Will somebody who isn't an officer on this brig come an' give me satisfaction?" said he, imploringly, at which Jack Hawser darted down the cabin stairs.

He had indulged in all that sort of amusement that he cared to; he didn't want any more.

"Will anybody come?"

"Oh, shut up and go soak your head," said the captain, becoming slightly exasperated.

"Wal, I s'pose I must; but it's awfully tough," he growled, as he went forward.

Bob came down and found his shady nook again.

"I'm sorry that monkey interfered," said Jack, returning as soon as Tongs had been ordered away.

"Well, I'm not. The big duffer's putting on too many airs altogether," said Stump.

"That's so; but you needn't have been scared, I was right alongside of yer."

"You! I thought I saw you cavorting down stairs."

"Oh, I only went down to leave my sheath knife so as to have it out of reach. You know how bad I am when I get really agoing, and so I didn't want to have any weapon about me if we had clinched."

"Oh, that's it, eh?"

Just then the captain came hurriedly on deck.

"All hands aloft to take in sail! We're going to have nasty weather on top of us right away. The barometer is going down rapidly."

In half a minute the rigging was alive with sailors, and in ten minutes every stitch of canvas was safely housed.

Nor was it done any too soon, for before the last man was down the sky began to darken, without clouds at first, although they soon began to show themselves and to roll up in a terribly ominous way, while the sea became agitated even in the absence of wind and waves, and everything betokened the near approach of a cyclone.

"Make everything fast and tight and stand by."

"Ay—ay, sir!"

Even old sailors stood aghast at the terrible threatenings which seemed to be springing up all around the noble bark.

Jack Hawser was trembling like a leaf, and Stump

took a reef in his pet monkey, and tremblingly awaited events.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVERY sail had been taken in; everything made snug and saut for the worst that might come, and the indications by barometer, sea and sky, showed that the worst might be expected quickly.

Stump stood by the mizzenmast, clinging to it and to his monkey, Bob, calmly awaiting the advent of something he had never seen before, while Jack Hawser was almost petrified with fear.

But they did not have to wait long before the wind in its wrath was soon upon them, blowing from all points of the compass at once, seemingly. The brig shot ahead under her bare poles, rocked, swerved, and plunged this way and that like a blind and restive horse.

Louder and louder howled the cyclone; more intense grew the darkness, until at length the bow of the brig could not be seen by a person standing at the stern. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, but so far as light was concerned, no one could have told what hour it was.

The vessel acted badly on account of the wind blowing from so many quarters, and in order to make her obey her helm better, the main-jib was let out.

Quick as thought, though, it was torn to rags. Then the fore sail was set, and this held for a few moments; but as the wind was increasing in power all the time, it was plain that this sail could not last long, even though it was double-reefed and of the strongest make.

Not a word that was spoken could be heard a yard from the speaker. The captain gave his orders through a speaking trumpet, and even that was frequently silenced by the roar.

Even old Tongs, although he had been in such wind storms often before, got shaky now, and looked pale around the gills as the brig labored and creaked in every joint as though about to go to pieces.

Everybody was holding to something for dear life, and the vessel was almost driven under water by the force of the wind.

"What do you think of this, Jack?" asked Stump.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, and seemed to be trying to remember a little prayer.

"How is this, Tongs?" he asked, turning to the old tar.

"Oh, this is only a little one for a cent," said he, bracing up, and trying to appear unconcerned.

"A little one! It couldn't blow harder than this."

"Nonsense! Why, I was in the Gulf of Mexico once when it blew so hard that it took everything off the ship just as clean as though she had never had a spar or a strand of running gear on top of her."

"Was she wrecked?"

"Not quite. But she would have been had she not been driven clean under water."

"How was that?"

"Why, as long as she was under water yer see she was out of the wind."

"Thunder, what a lie!" exclaimed Stump, for in spite of the dreadful condition they were in, he could not conceal his disbelief.

"Fact. Why, it blew every spear of hair off of a dog that we happened to have on board."

Just then there came a crash. The brig struck a rock, or something, and the next instant the masts and rigging went by the board.

All was confusion and despair. The captain gave orders to cut away the cordage, but the crew were so demoralized and panic-stricken that only one or two of them offered to obey.

"Oh, Lord, I take that last yarn all back," said Tongs, as he seized an ax and went to work.

As for Jack Hawser, he was blubbering like a big calf, and Stump went into the cabin for shelter.

The next moment another huge mountain of foaming water caught up the wreck and hurled it far inland on some unknown shore, crushing it like an egg-shell upon the rocks.

Nearly every member of the crew, as well as the officers, were badly stunned and bruised by being thrown down by the terrible blow, and poor Jack Hawser was washed overboard.

All this while it must be remembered that it was so dark that nothing could be seen any distance away, and even before the crew could recover from the shock, another tremendous wave broke over the wreck and swept everybody off into the seething waters.

Stump crept up out of the cabin, frightened to death. The monkey was clinging to him and chattering and screaming wildly.

All was wreck, roar, ruin, and desolation. What had happened he knew not, and not a soul answered to his piteous call.

"I guess we're all that's left, Bob," said he, and the next wave swept both him and his monkey into the sea.

What happened for several minutes after that he never knew. The monkey clung to him, and after being tossed around for a few moments, they were thrown into the top of a cocoanut tree.

The monkey was quick enough to catch and save himself, but Stump went tumbling down to the ground, where, however, he had the good fortune to land on his feet.

Finding himself on land, he started as fast as his two legs could carry him to reach a high rock just back of him, so that the next wave might not overtake him.

The fury of the cyclone had spent itself by this time, and was subsiding as rapidly as it had arisen. Light now began to creep through the gloom; the wind did not roar so dreadfully as it had done five minutes before, and each succeeding wave did not reach so far upon the land.

The storm fiend appeared as though satisfied, now that it had caused all the havoc, and was roaring in the distance, as though in quest of other prey.

Stump strained his eyes to see through the mist. The waves were still breaking over the wrecked *Rolla*, but he could see no living soul. He shouted with all his might, but only the chattering and screaming of poor Bob up in the cocoanut tree answered him.

Could it be possible that only he had escaped of all the crew? Again he shouted, and finally a voice away to his left answered him.

Joyfully he answered back, and started to go in the direction from whence it came, while the monkey sprang down the tree and ran after him.

"Halloo, Stump! Is that you?"

"Is that you, Jack?"

"Well, yes, what's left of me," said Jack, limping forward to meet him.

"Everything's gone to smash, Jack, and I'm afraid that we're the only ones left. Oh, what a terrible storm this has been!"

"Yes, Stump, a pretty rough sort of a blow. Nothing like what I've experienced in the Yellow sea."

"Oh, give us a rest on your yarns. Let's go and see if we can find anybody else."

"All right, Stump; but remember, if they're all drowned, I'll be captain here."

"Oh, junk! Come along! Poor Bob got it just about as bad as any of us, didn't you?" he asked, caressing the sorrowful-looking brute.

They started around the cliff to reach the shore, now that the waves had subsided somewhat.

"How did you get ashore, Jack?"

"I was picked up by a wave and thrown half a mile inland," said he.

"Ah! there's the wreck!"

"Yes, and there's some of the crew."

They hurried along, and found every member of the crew with one exception, that of the green hand. He had evidently been drowned.

They enjoyed a hearty hand-shaking all around, and congratulated each other on their escape, although tears dimmed their eyes when they looked on the wreck of their beautiful brig, now all high and dry among the rocks where she had been so spitefully thrown.

She was a wreck, indeed, and the beach was strewn with rigging that but an hour ago had made one of the handsomest vessels afloat.

Morning dawned, and after breakfast the company separated into couples, and started out to survey the island, leaving Tongs and Stump to take care of the camp.

They were all well armed, for as yet they did not know what they might encounter, although to all appearances the island was only a very small one, and not inhabited.

"Well, Tongsy, old man, here we are," said Stump, after they had been left alone.

"Yes, lad, that's so," said the old tar, sadly.

"And the brig's a total loss."

"Yes, lad, an' it'll go hard with the ole man, for he



"Bully boy, Bob. Bring him along," said Stump, turning back towards the camp, which was only a few rods away.

The captain gave some orders relative to securing the wreck, and then with the first mate went back a few rods and climbed upon the highest point of the island, for such it proved to be, in order to determine where they were, and after some calculating they came to the conclusion that they were upon one of the small islands lying near the equator, and about five hundred miles from Porto Rico.

In the course of an hour the sun came out again in all its fierceness, and all signs of the terrible wrath which had wrought such mischief had passed away.

But there was no sail in sight, and the only thing left for them to do was to construct a shelter from the remains of the wreck, stock it with whatever provisions they could find, and patiently await the advent of some friendly craft.

Sadly they set to work at this, while the captain and mate made preparations for becoming better acquainted with the island, for to all appearances it was only inhabited by monkeys, and tropical birds and beasts.

Securing the fore-topmast, they nailed the American flag to it, and then set it up on the highest point of the island, so as to attract the attention of any passing vessel.

That night they all slept in a rude tent, which they had constructed out of the sail of the brig, but it was with very sad hearts.

owned a quarter in her, and I guess it was all he had in the world."

"But of course she was insured?"

"Probably; but that don't cover everything, lad," and he shook his head mournfully while feeding his mouth with some wet tobacco.

In the meantime, Bob had become reconciled to the changed situation, and was running here and there as though anxious to become acquainted with the place.

While this conversation was going on between Tongs and Stump, he was out of sight somewhere.

"Was you ever shipwrecked before, Tongs?"

"Oh, yes. Lemme see. Guess this is about the tenth time," he said, carelessly.

"What! Shipwrecked ten times? Nonsense!"

"Don't talk to me that way, lad, or I may get nasty. I tell yer that I am so used ter bein' shipwrecked that I feel lonesome without one," said he, ejecting something less than a pint of tobacco juice.

"Well, I guess I don't care about sailing with you any more," said Stump, laughing.

"Oh, it's nothing after yer get used to it, lad."

"Perhaps it isn't; but the devil of it is to get used to it, I think."

"But yer can't be a thoroughbred sailor unless yer gets cast away a few times."

"Then I'll take chances at not being one. Ah! what the devil is that?" he exclaimed, starting up.

"Thunder an' monkeys!"

The cause of this surprise was the return of Bob, with about fifty other monkeys following him. They were of all ages and sizes, and it seemed as if Bob had gathered them up for the purpose of giving them an introduction to his friends.

"Git out, yer varmint!" yelled Tongs.

"What's the meaning of this, Bob?" asked Stump, at which he began to chatter, and the others followed suit, creating racket enough to craze a person.

"Oh, I suppose he wants me to treat his company," said Stump, laughing, and he proceeded to feed them with cheese that had been taken from the wreck.

At first they would not touch it, but when they saw Bob eat, they did so, and appeared delighted with the new food, and capered around in the most comical manner.

"I'll tell you what let's do, Stump; set 'em all drunk," said Tongs.

"How?"

"I'll show yer. Done it lots of times," and taking some bread, he soaked it in rum, and fed it to them in generous quantities.

They were a trifle timid at first, but after trying it they seemed to love the taste of liquor, and they ate as long as it was fed to them.

Then they began to get tipsy, and to stagger about in the most comical and human way. Some were ugly and wanted to fight their friends, while others were full of mischief, and cut up capers comical enough to make a horse laugh.

Stump and Tongs enjoyed it hugely. Bob, however, would not eat much of the bread, for he had been badly fooled that way by Tongs once before, and now that his company were drunk, he looked disgusted enough to deliver a temperance lecture.

It was fun enough for a thousand people, and Stump laughed until he was sore.

While the thing was at its height, a few of the crew returned and took part in it, at the same time saying that they had seen hundreds of them all over the island.

It was more than an hour before the effect was gone, and, in the meantime, some of the monkeys had fallen asleep, and others sat around stupid, or staggered about in a most bewildered way.

Two of them lay side by side, dead drunk, and Stump tied their tails together tightly, just to see what they would do when they woke up.

They didn't have to wait long before they found out, although they were the last to get sober. The others looked greatly disgusted, and seemed to have "heads" on them, the same as a human being has after being drunk. But when the two who were tied came to their senses, they sat up and looked reproachfully at each other for a few minutes, winking solemnly, and then, as though ashamed of each other's society, they started to go away in opposite directions.

But they found they couldn't; and when each felt a pull at his tail, they turned around and looked at each other savagely, as much as to ask:

"Did you pull my narrative?"

Then they would start to go again, but, of course, their tails prevented them, and once more would they stop and look ugly at each other.

Finally after several trials at getting away from each other, they discovered the trouble, and uttering wild screeches, they started for the woods as fast as they could go, followed by the others, yelling fiercely.

By this time all hands had returned from their explorations, and reported that the island was inhabited by a stunted race of blacks, but that they had been unable to capture any of them on account of their shyness, and at sight of the whites they fled into the woods.

What would result from this residence here was as yet a problem; as much of a one as it was regarding how long they would have to remain here, for the island was situated quite

a distance out of the general course of vessels, and it would be by some accident if they did not have to remain there for a long time before being rescued.

On this account measures were taken to secure every particle of food that could be saved from the wreck, and to use it as sparingly as possible. At the same time their tent was made more secure, and everything put in shape to make the most of their stay, whether it should be long or short.

But they were not troubled with any more monkey visitors, for they evidently told the others about their drunken spree, and they kept away.

A week passed without their seeing a sail within fifty miles of the island, although several were seen away off against the horizon. During each day a portion of the crew would go out shooting or exploring.

One day Stump and Bob were out together, for he always went with him, and while roaming through the woods, he suddenly came upon one of the natives, a young fellow, entirely naked.

Stump attempted to get near enough to speak to him, but he kept out of his way. He motioned for him to return, indicating that he would do him no harm, but all to no purpose.

Finally Bob, who had appeared to understand what his little master wanted, stole up to the native, and twisting his tail around his ankle, compelled him to walk toward Stump.

"Bully boy, Bob. Bring him along," said he, turning back towards the camp, which was only a few rods away.

The native was yelling like blazes, but as Bob was as strong as a man, it was no use, and he was compelled to follow him into the camp.

"Hallo! what have you there, Stump?" asked the captain, as he approached.

"Bob has captured a native," said Stump.

"Bring him along. Here, Jack, bring a rope, for we must tie him."

"Ay—ay, sir."

They all gathered around to get a good look at the native who was being brought in so curiously, and Jack (who had just been telling an impossible yarn regarding two or three different adventures that he had with them, fighting them and putting them to flight by the dozens) now came forward with a rope.

"Take a turn around his waist and make the other end fast to the tree," said the captain, and he proceeded to obey orders.

But Jack had the nonsense knocked out of him in about two seconds, for the native turned on him the moment Bob let go his hold, and would have escaped had not the others gone to the rescue and helped secure him.

Jack, however, had a pair of black eyes and a bloody nose to show for it, while those to whom he had been telling his yarns, asked him many bothersome questions regarding how it happened that one little fellow got in on him so easily, when he had vanquished so many of them before.

"That's because he happened to be alone," said the captain. "I have noticed that Jack always fights best whenever he is all alone."

This produced a jolly laugh at his expense.

As for their prisoner, he was just about Stump's size, and appeared to be a large as he ever would be. He fought wickedly for some time, but he was at length securely fastened to a tree.

And he was a comical-looking little runt of a man, as black as the ace of spades. Stump took a fancy to him right away, and announced his intention of keeping him to add to his collection of pets.

The captain and several others tried to converse with him by means of signs, but he either would not or could not comprehend them.

Stump, on the other hand, gave him some bread and cheese, which he ate with a relish, after seeing him eat of it himself.

"Give him some rum, Stump," said Tongs.

"Not much! I'm going to bring him up as a great moral example, made from the raw material."

"What are you going to call him?"

"I don't know."

"Let Jack name him," said the mate.

"Yes; I'll name him the devil," growled Jack.

"That won't do. He must have a good square Christian name if he belongs to my menagerie," said Stump. "Guess I'll call it 'Thump.' How'll that do?"

"First rate. Something like Stump."

Strange as it may appear, the wild fellow seemed to take to him from the first, but Jack Hawser swore that he would be the death of him for certain.

At the end of three days Thump had become quite tame, and apparently so reconciled to his lot that he made no further attempts to run away, and Stump was teaching him to say English words continually. In fact, he paid so much attention to him that Bob became jealous, and they had one or two severe fights, greatly to the delight of Tongs and Jack.

And Thump paid his keeping very well, too, for he gathered bread-fruit, yams, bananas and such things, while Bob would climb the highest tree and throw down cocoanuts for them.

Nor was this all. He had learned enough to make him useful as a guide, and one day the entire crew armed themselves and he led them into the woods where the rest of his tribe lived, taking them entirely by surprise.

There were only about fifty of them, men, women and children, and none of them were larger than Stump. But the strangest part of the affair was that they found a white girl among them, nearly nude, like the other women, but exceedingly beautiful.

They at once took possession of her, believing her to have been captured by the natives and held as a prisoner.

She was evidently about twenty years of age, but if she had ever learned any other language than that of the natives, she had forgotten it, and therefore could give no account of herself, although she appeared perfectly willing to go with her white captors.

This created a sensation among the crew, and after making her a canvas dress she was given a place of honor among them, the captain resolving to take her with him if ever they were rescued, and try to find out something about her.

The sight of the wreck made her very thoughtful, and, with the assistance of Thump, she made them understand that many years ago, when a child, she had seen another such a one and escaped from it. This confirmed their suspicions, and the captain felt certain that he could trace her out if ever he got back to New York again.

But the taking her away from the natives, who regarded her as a superior being, made them very mad, and they soon showed that if they were dwarfs in size, they could make themselves very troublesome. And thus there was a romance working into the adventure, which made it all the more interesting.

"Blast my keelson, but that reminds me of what happened to us once in the Windward Islands," said Tongs.

"A yarn—a yarn!" cried everybody.

"Is it a true one, old man?" asked Stump.

"True! Why, you little piece of salt junk, did you ever know me to tell a lie?" he demanded, savagely.

"Well, how about that big blow in the Gulf of Mexico?"

"Fact, every word of it," said he.

"Let's hear about that big blow," said the mate, and the result was that they got him so mixed up in a few minutes that he forgot all about the Windward Islands.

CHAPTER IX.

WE left Stump on the unknown island where they had been cast away, and where they had lived for two or three weeks in a shelter which they had saved from the wreck.

The prospect of their being rescued very soon was not a good one, on account of the island's lying out of the route usually taken by vessels in that part of the globe, and so they lived on, doing all they could to amuse themselves and kill the time.

It will also be remembered that Stump had got another pet in the person of a native who was about his own age, and whom he had named "Thump," and that through his acting as guide they had been enabled to rescue a white girl, who had been with them so long that she had forgotten her language and all about herself, although the captain felt certain that he could find out something of her history, if not restore her to her friends.

But this made enemies of the natives, and they began to hover around the camp and manifest their hostility in various ways, but at a safe distance.

Thump by this time had learned to speak quite a number of English words, and as different members of the crew had managed to pick up many words of the native dialect, it enabled him to be of great service to his new friends, with whom he seemed greatly pleased.

But the girl learned the language much the fastest, showing that it was her mother tongue, and she also soon made herself useful about the camp, doing the cooking and such things.

They had, however, to keep continual watch over the camp on account of the thieving propensities of the natives, for stealing seemed to be second nature to them, and they were very artful at it.

In the meantime, the captain and mate were all the while trying to devise some means of getting away from the island of their exile, and after waiting for weeks, they concluded that something must be done of a desperate nature or they might stay there for years.

They finally resolved to construct a raft out of the wreck of the brig, and fixing a jury mast to it, sail out twenty or thirty miles in the hope of meeting some vessel.

But after completing the raft it was found too small to carry all hands, and so it was finally agreed that the captain, first mate, and Tongs, and three others, should go on the raft, and that the others should stay behind and await their return.

They took a week's provisions with them, and set out one day on their perilous voyage, leaving the camp in charge of Jack Hawser and Stump, under whom were three seamen, the native boy, Thump, and the foundling white girl, whom the natives called Kalla, or beautiful.

With many misgivings those who remained behind gathered on the shore and saw their friends part from them, perhaps never to meet again.

Stump felt very bad, indeed, as did the others, especially Jack—for whom there was only one bright thought: that of being near Kalla, with whom he had tumbled head over heels in love.

They watched them all day long as they sailed slowly away before a favorable wind, and until the veil of night hid the raft from their sight, and then they turned sadly away to meet their own desolation.

It was a sad and gloomy night, and when morning came the raft was out of sight. Had it foundered and sunk, or was it beyond the horizon?

All day long, from the highest point of land on the island, did they watch with eager eyes for a sight of the sail, but it came not again for many days.

Stump spent most of his time teaching Thump to talk and Bob to do tricks, while Jack made love and tried to tell his big yarns to Kalla. But as she could only understand a few words, she of course could simply make out that he was a very great man, and had seen and knew everything.

Stump tumbled to Jack's being in love with Kalla, and resolved to have some fun with him, for in spite of their forlorn situation, he couldn't keep out of mischief.

He could communicate with Thump quite well, and at length made him understand about the case and told him to tell her all about it, which he did, the result of which was that she laughed merrily at the terrible tar, and shook her head good-naturedly.

"What the great guns is she laughing at?" he asked, turning to Stump.

"Why, Thump has just told her that you are in love and want to marry her," said he.

"And don't she float that way?"

"I should say not. I guess he told her you had a wife and family already."

"Blast my binnacle lights, but I'll kill that little black swab yet if he don't look out," said Jack, loudly.

"Better not try it, old man."

"Why not? Thunder and tar, why not? Do you suppose any one can prevent me, do yer?"

"Yes, I think there's one chap that might," said Stump, calmly.

"Who in thunder is it? Show him to me," he demanded, angrily.

"There he is," said he, pointing to Thump.

"What?"

"Yes, Thump. You have forgotten the circus he gave you and the beautiful pair of black eyes when you attempted to tie him that time, haven't you?"

Jack winced, but said nothing.

"Better let Thump alone and attend to the girl, for I guess you can get away with her better than with him."

"Stump, you're a fool," said he, at length.

"I dare say," said he, laughing.

"Don't you suppose I could have swabbed the whole island up with him if I'd wanted ter?"

"Well, why don't you?"

"Why, Stumpy, old shipmate, it was all on your account," said he, extending his hand.

"Oh, it was, hey?"

"Yes, to be sure it was. I knew that you had set your heart on him as a sample to take home with yer, and do you suppose I would do anything to make you feel bad? Not much. You ought ter know me better than that, shipmate. I didn't care how much he went for me; I wasn't going ter hurt yer sample."

"Oh, that's how it was, hey?" said Stump, while a roguish smile played over his face.

"To be sure it was. Why, I thought you understood it all the while. Gracious! what, let a little black runt like that lick me? Well, I should smile. Remember that crew of Spaniards in Boston?"

"Yes."

"Well, didn't I get away with fifteen or twenty of them as fast as they came for me?"

"I didn't see it, Jack, I've only got your word for it, you know."

"Well, yer never knew me ter tell a lie, did yer?"

"I don't say that you lie, Jack, but if the truth was made of glass it wouldn't do for you to feel around it much," said he, laughing.

"Oh, that's all right. I'm perfectly willing that you should have yer little joke, of course, and you know that I'll stand ten times as much from you as I would from anybody else."

"All right. Go on with your mashing. Come, Bob, come, Thump," and he walked away, followed by his pets, leaving Jack alone with Kalla.

He commenced to tell her a yarn about something or other, but she laughed and shook her head continually, evidently thinking that he was telling the tale of his love.

At length he got mad, supposing that she did not believe what he was telling her, and he ripped out an oath a yard long, and frowned savagely.

Now, it so happened that she had a bit of spirit of her own, and following the custom of the people with whom she had been reared, she resented the offense by slapping his face smartly.

"Great tar buckets!" he roared, leaping to his feet. "A blow? Oh, ye gods! if you was only a man!" and he smote his fists together savagely.

"What's the row, Jack?" asked Stump, coming up.

"Oh, nothing; only I wish she was a man for about three minutes, that's all," said he.

She was standing close by him, understanding enough English to know that he was very offensive to her, and when he again struck his fists together, she slapped him again.

"Go for her, Jack."

"Nonsense; you don't suppose I'd strike a woman, do you?"

"But she's a fighter."

"I don't care, I won't fight her," and he walked away with a heavy, rolling swagger.

She and Stump, and Thump, and Bob spent the remainder of the day together, learning to understand each other, and having a good time generally. Stump sang songs which pleased Kalla greatly, and then he would play on his flageolet and teach Thump and Bob to dance.

This made Jack exceedingly jealous, for it was easy to be seen that she was much better pleased with the society of the little sailor boy than she was with the tremendous old sea-dog though he regarded himself.

Then he went and told the other fellows that he felt he should be obliged to forget that he and Stump were shipmates and friends, and proceed to knock all the tar out of him. He said that there was a limit to all things, and that he had stood all

the nonsense that he could from the little favorite, and that he should presently proceed to give him a good flogging, as that was what he needed most undoubtedly.

But they laughed at his boasting threats, for they knew very well that Stump could take care of himself, or if he could not, Thump and Bob could do it for him.

Jack was just ugly and jealous enough to do something the worst he could do, and in order to brace himself for the task, he took several horns of rum, he being now in charge of it and responsible to no one, for he wanted to get his courage up.

But he overdid the business. He was so anxious to work himself up to a bloody pitch, that he drank too much, and so went to sleep under a tree that grew near the camp.

The other sailors told Stump of the threats Jack had made, and they all had a good laugh over it.

"Now, fellows, let's have some fun with this duffer," said he, with much animation.

"Good enough," said they. "We'll back you up in anything you do."

"All right. Now let's see what we'll do." And he began to look around to see what sort of a racket he could arrange.

"I have it, boys, I have it! Let's set a snare for him," said he, at length.

"How, Stump?"

"I'll show you. He's fast asleep, and won't wake up for a long time yet," and he at once proceeded to business.

You know how snares are made. Well, Stump made a couple of stakes and drove them into the ground, assisted by the men, and then arranged a cross-bar to fit into the notches. This done, he took a stout line and sent Thump into the top of a small tree, where he made one end of it fast to it. Thump, Bob, and Kalla were as much interested in the business as any of them were, for they appeared to understand that a joke of some sort was to be played.

Well, as soon as the cord had been made fast, they all pulled on it and bent the tree down until the body was almost parallel, after which Stump made the cord fast to the cross-piece, and arranged it as delicately as possible, and then made the other end fast around the waist of the drunken blowhard.

Everything was now arranged to give him a hoist that would most likely surprise him.

"Now wait and see the fun," said Stump.

The sailors were almost bursting with laughter, while Kalla, Thump and Bob were dancing gleefully around and anxious to see the end of it.

Stump plucked a long grass on which there was a sharp burr, and with this he sat down a few feet from Jack and began tickling and pricking his face and neck with it, while the others stood around in comical anticipation.

The first part of the fun lasted for about ten minutes. Stump would tickle his nose and ears, causing him to make all sorts of comical faces, and to strike at imaginary flies that in his sleep he must have supposed pestering him.

Finally, after they had all laughed themselves sore, he opened his eyes stupidly and discovered who his tormenter really was, and then he began to grunt out oaths.

"What is the matter with you, Jack?"

"I'll show you what's the matter if you don't clear out and leave me alone," said he.

"Wake up and pay for your lodging!"

"I'll wake you up, yer little runt, if I get hold of you, see if I don't. Clear out!"

"I want to wake you up."

"It's your watch," said one of the sailors.

"Go ter the devil, all of you."

"I'm in a hurry to be wallopped, Jack."

"Well, yer won't have to wait long if yer don't stop this fooling with me."

"That's right. I heard you was going to knock the tar out of me, so come along."

"Stump, you are as good as committing suicide."

Just then Bob, to imitate Stump, walked up to a safe distance, and taking his tail in his fore paws, began tickling Jack with the end of it.

"Suffering telescopes! take that cursed monkey away or I'll kill him."

"Don't; you might hurt his feelings," said Stump.

Kalla was there enjoying his torment, and if he ever asserted himself, now was the time to do it. So he leaped to his feet for the purpose of crushing both the monkey and Stump into shapeless masses.

But the moment he attempted to arise, he sprang the snare, and arose very unexpectedly—about twenty feet into the air, where he dangled and spun around like a bottle on a string.

A loud shout followed, and Bob ran up the tree and down the rope before you could say "scat," and there he worried and tormented the bewildered devil until he was taken down.

"Oh—ah!" was all he could say as the tree lifted him up through the air. "Oh—ah! I—I—I—oh, Lord! don't! What's this?"

"A sudden rise in salt meat," said Stump, laughing.

"Clew up the topgallant sail, Jack," said another.

"Oh, this is awful!" he groaned.

"No; it's high."

"Let me down. Call off that cussed monkey!"

"How do things look up there, Jack?"

"Oh, let me down, Stump!"

"Any sail in sight?"

"Please let me down. This rope is cutting me in two."

"All right. Then you'll drop down pretty soon."

"Please let me down, Stump."

"Oh, you want to come down to flog me."

"No I won't."

"Yes, you will; you told Tom and Bill that you were going to give it to me."

"Oh, I was only in fun. You don't suppose I would touch you, do you, Stump?"

"No, I don't think you would."

"Then let me down, there's a good fellow."

"Take your oath you won't touch me?"

"Of course I will."

"Or anybody else?"

"No—no; I won't flog a single one of you."

"And you won't tell any more yarns?"

"No—no!"

"And you will let Kalla alone?"

"Yes, I'll let everybody alone."

"All right; then we'll let you down. You see, Jack, we are all afraid of you, and so we thought that this was the best way we could fix you until we had made you promise not to thrash us."

"Oh, that's all right, Stumpy, and when I give a man my word not to thrash him, I'll stick to it."

"All right, we'll trust you," and amid much merriment they pulled him down and released him.

"There you are, my hearty."

"Yes, and a devilish nice joke you have had of it. Oh, it's lucky that I love you, Stump, or I would manure this island with you."

This occasioned a loud laugh, in the midst of which Jack walked away, mad enough to club himself all around the shore. But it took some of the airs out of him, you bet.

But their merriment was doomed to receive a check that night.

The natives had all the while been watching from their hiding-places all that was going on, and they knew that the camp had been greatly weakened by the going away of fully one-half of the sailors, and so they stole upon them in great numbers in the dead of night, and surprised them completely.

All, with the exception of Bill, the cook, were taken prisoners by them, and marched away bound, and then

they proceeded to capture and remove all the stores and provisions that had been saved from the wreck.

Kalla was once more at their mercy, as were Thump and the others, and they proceeded to have a great feast of rejoicing over this victory, during which they subjected poor Thump to many cruel punishments, on account of his turning against them.

As for Kalla, she was more an object of worship than anything else among them, and consequently she was not molested; but from what Stump could learn, they intended to roast and eat the other prisoners three days after, that being set down as the last day of the feast of triumph.

Poor Jack Hawser had been as nearly at death's door as he could well be, from fright, all the while; but when Stump informed him of this, he could hardly stand up, so shaky was he in the knee-joints.

"Oh, Stump, this is terrible!" he moaned.

"Well, I can't say that I am dead in love with the situation, but whining won't do any good," said he.

"But just think of being roasted!"

"Yes, about as hard as being sent 'to pot,' ain't it?"

"Oh, how can you talk so lightly on the subject?"

"There'll be more light on the subject yet when they set us to cooking."

"Oh, Stump!"

"Oh, Jack!"

"Do you think they will?"

"Oh, most undoubtedly. But never mind, Jack, they will most likely kill us before they roast us."

"Oh, Lord!"

"So we sha'n't know whether we are well done or underdone," said Stump, laughing.

"I—I guess we are undone, at all events."

"It would be a *rare* treat if we were not."

"Don't pun, Stump, please don't. The situation is aggravating enough without that," moaned Jack.

"That's so, Jack. But now if you only had succeeded in making Kalla love you, she might have found some means of setting us free."

"Oh, she's as bad as any of them. But if she did want to set us free, how could she, with a dozen devils standing around with war clubs, watching us. Oh, Lord, what would my poor parents say?"

"About the same as mine would, if they knew it—that it served you right. But it's all your fault, Jack. If you had kept away from me when I was at school, I should have been out of this roast."

Jack was silent and gloomy.

In the meantime Thump was not allowed to communicate with the prisoners, neither was Kalla. Even Tom was placed among the collection of sacred monkeys, and kept entirely away from the little master he loved so well.

In this way two days passed. The prisoners were kept securely bound, and a close watch kept upon them, so that there was no possible chance of escape.

It will be remembered that Bill, the cook, had managed to elude the natives, but as they took away all the provisions, his case was little better than those of the others.

He kept a bright lookout on all sides, and especially on the sea. The raft had now been gone four days, and the question was now with the lone and sorrowing survivor at the camp, had it gone down and all hands perished, or had it kept on in the hope of finding assistance?

The latter view was the correct one; for on this rude raft they kept on for nearly a hundred miles, when they met the steamer, *Dom Pedro*, bound from Rio Janeiro to New York, and were at once rescued, of course.

The head of the steamer was at once put around, and all speed made for the island, where they arrived after about half a day's sail.

Shore was at once made, but great was the astonishment of the captain to learn from the cook, that, with the exception of himself, they had all been captured and taken away.

"Grut marlinspikes!" roared Tongs. "Let's get some of the steamer's crew, and go hunt 'em up."

"Of course we will," replied the captain, and he at once rowed back to the steamer, and made the captain acquainted with the situation.

The result was that about a dozen Yankee tars, well armed and provided, were given to the second mate of the steamer, with instructions to go wherever they were led, and started with a glad hurrah.

Arriving on shore, the line of march was at once taken up, and in less than an hour they reached the village of the natives, where preparations were being made for the roasting of the crew.

The first knowledge they had of their approach was a volley of musketry, fired from an ambush, and by which about a dozen of the natives went to grass, and appeared to have no further interest in the proposed roast.

The sound of the guns was answered by a glad shout from the captives, and then a wild charge was made by the sailors upon those of the natives who had not fled, and a lively fight of about ten minutes' duration followed, during which the natives fought desperately, but all to no purpose, of course, as their rude spears and war-clubs made but a poor show against the guns and revolvers of the white men.

Tongs fought like a lion, for he knew no such a thought as fear, and the result was that the natives were defeated with considerable loss, the captives set free, and a large amount of booty taken, including many thousand dollars worth of crude gold, precious stones, corals, and fanciful barbarous weapons and ornaments.

"Stump, put it thar!" cried Tongs, as he unbound him.

"There she is, Tongsy, old brick!" said he, shaking hands.

"Halloo, Jack! are you hurt?" he asked, turning to him.

"Hurt, shipmate—hurt? Well, what do you think? they have been throwing poisoned spears at me all day," said he.

"Well, such cussed bad marksmen ought to be killed," said Tongs, turning away to help release others.

It was a glad meeting and no mistake. In the course of an hour everything was in readiness, and the whole party, including Thump and Kalla, and Stump's monkey, Bob, were on their way back to camp, from whence they went on board the steamer, and started once more on their way north.

CHAPTER X.

EVERYTHING was lovely now with our friends. They had been rescued from their shipwrecked home on the unknown island, and were now on board the steamer *Dom Pedro*, bound for New York.

Stump was in his glory, for he had his two pets, Thump and Bob with him, and with them he furnished amusement for the entire crew, and a large number of passengers.

The rescued girl, Kalla, excited a great deal of attention, and was at once given into the hands of the stewardess and lady passengers, who soon had her habited in a presentable style, and if she had looked beautiful before, she was doubly so now that the refinement of dress was added to her.

Jack Hawser was once more himself again, and he kept the fore-castle agape with the yarns he told of the shipwreck, and his captivity among the cannibals of the unknown island.

"But they chawed up four of us," said he, after relating his version of the adventure.

"What?" cried half-a-dozen of the sailors who had gathered around to listen.

"Four of us," said Jack, nodding his head in a very imperious way. "You see the cap'n told me to take my pick of the men and go out and see how the land laid. Well, I selected four brave fellows as ever socked a belay-

ing pin, and started out to take bearings. You see we didn't know that the island was inhabited, but we found it was, by a lot of dwarfed savages, like Stump's little devil over there, Thump. Well, they are stronger'n full grown white men, and before we knew it we were surrounded by about two hundred of the cusses, armed with poisoned spears, and they began to close in upon us. 'Boys,' said I, 'we've got to knock hot tar out of about fifty of these black devils,' and so we waited for the attack. We each of us had a pair of navy revolvers, and as they got near enough we began to pop away at 'em. Every shot brought down a nig, and I contrived, by dodging around, to get several of them in a line, to knock over from two to four every time I fired. But still they would not back out, and pressed close upon us.

"Our pistols were now empty, and we clubbed them for close work. Well, it came right along. I was on my metal by this time, and I set my canvas and sailed in, wind dead aft. I knocked them right and left, killed about fifty of 'em, and finally made my escape—fought my way out. But they had gobbled the other fellows, and had 'em broiling in less'n ten minutes."

"What a shame," said they all.

"But of course you revenged their death."

"You can anchor on that ground, shipmate," said Jack, squirting tobacco juice to the leeward.

Tongs came up just in time to hear the last of Jack's yarn, and as a finishing touch he put this in:

"Revenge! Well, rather that way, I guess. We came cussed near getting ourselves inter a scrape by the way we revenged ourselves."

Jack Hawser immediately took a back seat, for he knew that his yarn would be eclipsed.

"How was it?" asked the listeners.

"Wal, we slayed so many of the black cusses that it made a terrible smell on the island, and nearly gave us all the cholera," said Tongs.

"Is that so?"

"Well, I didn't smell anything when we were there," said one of the sailors belonging to the steamer.

"Nor I," said another.

"No," added a third.

"Wal, galoot, why should yer?" demanded Tongs, looking at him with a sneer.

"Why, if there was such a smell as you say, why shouldn't we have noticed it?"

"Look 'er yer, you bilin' water sailors, if you says much more'n that sort of a way, I shall begin ter think my word's doubted, an' when anythin' like that happens, how am I, Jack?" he asked, turning to that loud-mouthed worthy.

"Bad. Kill a man every time," replied Jack, with another squirt of tobacco juice.

Tongs glanced around to note the effect.

"Oh, nobody was a doubtin' on yer," said one.

"Well, I'm glad on it, for I don't want to throw anybody overboard in this sharky water."

"But go on an' tell us 'bout it."

"'Bout what? where war I?"

"Why, tryin' ter 'splain 'bout the stink."

"Oh, yes, so I war."

"Well, how did it happen that we did not smell it?"

"I'll tell yer, for I'm a good natered cuss if nobody don't doubt my wayracity; if they do, I'm bad. Wal, the next day arter the killin', the eagles an' vultures began to arrive from some of the other islands to get a peck at the free lunch. Lord, how they did come, eh, Jack?"

"Millions," said Jack, impressively.

"Billions! Why, the sky war dark with 'em, but they made it nice and cool, though."

"How?"

"With the floppin' of their wings. Wal, lads, they just picked up them yer dead savages, an' flew away out of sight to the southard."

"The devil!"

"Fact. Funny you hadn't met 'em somewhere. They made a string in the air 'bout fifty miles long. Well, that's how we got rid on 'em, an' that's why you didn't smell 'em."

"Great Moses!" and the wink went around among the listeners.

"Fact. Now you see what a foolish thing it is to kick ag'in a thing afore it's explained. Allus wait 'til you hear a story clean through afore yer begin ter ask questions," said he, and thrusting his big hands into his pockets, he swaggered away.

"What a lie!" exclaimed several.

"What's that you say?" demanded Jack Hawser, doubling up his fists and leaning forward.

"A lie!"

"A yarn!"

"A whole hank of spun yarn," said two or three of them.

"Great sharks!" and Jack began to roll up his sleeves with great deliberation.

"You are not going to swear to it, are you?"

"I'll back up my old messmate every time."

"Well, if you do, overboard you go."

"What?"

"Yes, both of you," said another.

"Well—well, I axes yer pardon for kicking up a row aboard ship, but it's awful tough to swaller, I tell yer."

"What is?"

"Your talk back. But never mind; we'll wait till we get back to York," said he, rolling down his sleeves and swaggering away in the direction Tongs had taken.

"Oh, yer can be 'commodated now, if yer want ter. It's my watch, an' yer needn't be 'fraid," said one of the party.

"Never mind—we can wait—we can wait," and away he went to join a group of men who were gathered around Stump, who sat on the capstan playing a dancing tune on his flageolet.

In the center of the group was the monkey, Bob, putting in practice some of the things which Stump had been teaching him.

With the assistance of the stewardess, who had taken a great fancy to the handsome little sailor, he had rigged Bob up in a swallow-tailed coat, a pair of pants, a hat, etc., taking particular pains to make him look as much like Pat Rooney as possible; and in this he succeeded so well, that the passengers and officers recognized the imitation and laughed loudly.

But if they recognized the resemblance in the dress and make-up—if they laughed at *that*, what was their astonishment and delight at seeing him imitate Rooney's peculiar walk as he swung himself around the little circle.

They roared and laughed themselves hoarse over the performance, for it was even more comical and ludicrous than that of Rooney himself.

It was a perfect Godsend to the passengers and all hands, for Bob furnished them any quantity of amusement during the long voyage. And they made it pay, too, for they gave Bob any quantity of money, which he turned over to his little master, who promised him a new suit of clothes when they got to New York, as well as one for Thump.

Both Thump and Bob were very much attached to Stump, and he seemed to be able to do anything with them. Thump had now got so that he could speak many words, and understood enough to enable him and his master to get along first-rate. If there was any trouble it was because he was jealous of Bob, who attracted more attention and made more fun.

Well, in good time they arrived in New York after calling at Savannah, Ga., from whence the news of the wreck of the brig *Rolla* was telegraphed to the underwriters, and

afterwards published in the papers, together with the names of the lost and saved.

Among those names was that of Frank Slathers—or, as we know him better, Stump, and for the first time did his parents learn of the dangers he had passed.

It created a sensation at home, and his sisters were the first to learn of the arrival of the *Dom Pedro*, and hastened down to the wharf to see the little runaway.

As for Stump's father, he would not acknowledge that he was glad he had returned alive, but always believing with Solomon that sparing the rod spoiled the child, he bought a new raw hide and proposed to give Stump a raw hide with it, resolving to whallop the deviltry out of him, or perish in the attempt.

But his two sisters hurried to meet him, and the greeting they gave him was quite different from that his father had in store. And Stump was quite as glad to see them as they were to see him.

"You must come right home with us," said they.

"Well, wait awhile, till I see the captain."

"Oh, never mind anybody. You must come right home, for mother and granny are dying to see you."

"All right; but I must see Captain Martin."

"No—no; you must never go to sea again."

"Not go to sea again! What are you giving me, liquorice? You just wait here a minute," and away he darted to find the captain and learn about his headquarters.

Finding this out, and also where the crew was to be quartered, he promised to report in a day or two, and then went for Bob and Thump.

Meantime Jack Hawser had recognized Stump's sisters and approached them in his overwhelming way.

"Saryvice, ladies," said he, chucking a huge quid of tobacco into the hat which he held in his hand, and then bowing and scraping with much flourish.

The girls looked at him coldly, and turned away.

"Where can he have gone?" asked the younger one, referring to Stump.

"He's aft with the old man," said Jack.

"I wish you would tell him to hurry."

"Oh, he'll soon be here. Didn't I tell you that I'd make a little tarry son of a gun of him? He's a little tough one, you bet. Goes aloft like a monkey, an' can take his grog like an old salt."

"You dreadful bad man—what makes you lure him away?" asked the oldest sister.

"Why, bless yer trim hulls an' pretty upper works, he wasn't lured off—he's been under my protection and instruction all the while. Heard 'bout our being wrecked, I s'pose?"

"Yes, and it is a pity that you were not drowned."

"Oh, yer might as well try to drown a duck as an old salt like me. Why, a big wave took me up during that tornado, an' carried me ten miles over that island, an' chucked me into the ocean on the other side. But I came out all right."

Just then Stump returned with Captain Martin, and introduced him to his sisters, and he proceeded to give them an account of the shipwreck, at the same time speaking many good words for Stump, who by that time had joined them again, bringing Bob and Thump with him.

"Oh, Stump, what have you got there?" they asked, gathering up their skirts so as not to touch them.

"Two of my pets; Bob, my sisters," said he, introducing them, at which he took off his hat and extended his hand, either to shake hands or to receive some money, it was hard to tell which.

But they declined the honor.

"And this is Thump, one of the natives of the island on which we got busted."

"For mercy's sake, what are you going to do with them?"

"Why, educate them. I'm going to make a variety dancer of Bob, and an alderman out of Thump."

"What a boy you are. Leave those nasty things behind and come home with us."

"Not much. If I go home, they go home with me."

"You cannot mean it, Stump."

"I'll bet I mean it," said he.

"But father will be very angry if you do."

"I can't help it. What do you say?"

"Well, come along, but you must take the consequences," said they, starting to leave the steamer.

"Oh, I'll do that. Come boys," said he, and after shaking hands for about ten minutes with his friends with whom he was about to part, he got into the family carriage with his sisters and was driven home.

Great was the sensation he created on his arrival, for although he was warmly welcomed by his mother and grandmother, as well as servants, he had the whole house in an uproar before he had been at home an hour.

His father and brothers had not yet returned from business, and he had things his own way. Going into the kitchen with Bob, he frightened Dinah and Mary nearly out of their wits, and this of course pleased them hugely.

"Take away dat yer reptile," cried Dinah, climbing on top of a table.

"It's the devil!" cried Mary, gathering up her petticoats, and screaming loudly. "It's a long-tailed goat. Away wid him, Stump, there's a good bye."

"Oh, he won't hurt you if you don't fool with him," said Stump, laughing.

"Trouble hab come back 'gain for shuah."

"Faith, I'll leave the house this very day, so I will."

"Now don't get your shoes off, girls, I'm going to have a regular menagerie here, and you shall have dead-head tickets all the time."

"Jus' wait 'til you fader comes home, dat's all," said Dinah.

"Oh, he'll have to pay every time. But just see how he can dance," he added, taking out his flageolet, and commencing to play.

Bob knew his business like a top, and he began to dance a *la* Rooney. This made him look less hideous to them, and finally they began to laugh at his antics, and then they got down and took a closer look at the performance.

"Faith, that's almost as good as I could do it myself," said Mary, admiringly.

"By golly, dat yer critter hab got some nigger blood in him fo' shuah," said Dinah.

Then Mary began to dance in company with the monkey, and this set the old wench a going.

"Oh, chile, I can't help it!" she cried, as she proceeded to forget herself, and sail in on a break-down.

"Whoop!" yelled Mary, as she hoed it down on the kitchen floor, and Bob was doing his level best.

Stump was delighted; but while the "circus" was in its bloom, in came his father with a rawhide in his hand, and anger in his eye.

"Stop!" he shouted, and stop they all did in short order, or all but Bob, who was just getting warmed up.

Halloo, dad, how you was?" said Stump.

"I'll show you how I am, you young rascal," said he, seizing him by the shoulder, and going for him with his rawhide.

But this little old-time amusement was doomed for a sudden break, for as quick as a flash, both Bob and Thump leaped upon the old man, and had him on his back in half of no time.

He yelled all sorts of bloody murder, as did the servants and other members of the family, who came rushing upon the scene, sure that murder was being committed.

Bob walked and clawed all over him, while Thump pounded him right and left. Stump had all he could do

to get them away, and even failed to do so until they had nearly used the old man up.

"Oh, you villain!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet to renew the attack.

"Better not do it, dad," said Stump, pointing to his savage friends, who were all ready to spring again.

"I will have you sent to the island, and these beasts killed," said he. "Go for a policeman."

"If you do, I'll never come home again in my life," said Stump, firmly.

"That would suit me the better, sir."

"All right! Let's go together. Come, boys," said he, addressing his pets.

At this point, his mother, grandmother, and sisters interposed and tried to fix matters up. Luckily for Stump, his grandmother was his friend, and as she was rich, and his father wanted to get hold of some of her money very badly, she proved herself the boss, and succeeded in restoring peace, if not good will.

Bob was chained up in the dog-house, out in the back yard, and Thump was given a bed in an empty room up stairs, with the understanding that he was to be got out of the house the next day. And so the big whalloping that was laid up for Stump was postponed to some indefinite time in the future.

The next day Stump took Thump to the proprietor of a museum, and hired him out for ten dollars a month and board until such times as he might want to take him away, and so this trouble was got rid of, but he positively refused to part with Bob, or, as they called him, Bob Rooney.

But his father didn't attempt to whale him again right away, and yet he resolved to poison the monkey, and then pay Stump up for old and new.

In the meantime the crew of the wrecked *Rolla* were laying off, and spending their wages which had been paid them. Another vessel had been taken in the place of the one that was lost, and Stump had been engaged to go again as cabin boy when she was ready to sail.

But of all that crew not one of them went in so heavy on the spreeing as did old Tongs. He had been on it in the old-fashioned sailor style, having in a week's time been on a noisy drunk, a fighting drunk, and a still drunk, and a bewildered drunk, the latter of which he was now enjoying. He didn't seem to know who he was, where he was, what he was, or what was to become of him, nor did he appear to care a snap.

In some way or other, he wandered over to Hoboken, and was prowling around there one night about twelve o'clock in a most aimless sort of a way, when he suddenly took it into his head to pound on a certain front door that stood closed before him.

"What in thunder do you want?" demanded the owner of that front door, looking out of an upper window.

"I wanter be a h'angel an' wiz ar h'angels stan'," sang Tongs, without looking up.

"I'll make an angel of you devilish quick if you don't scatter out of that!" said the man, poking about ten feet of the barrel of a shot gun out of the window, and "covering" him with it. "Scatter!"

"Oh, I'll scatter," said Tongs, staggering away without a word.

He wandered around and around for about ten minutes, when he suddenly espied another front door that he thought wanted pounding, and so he went for it; but it happened to be the same front door, and the enraged owner again thrust his head out of the window and asked what in hulloaloo he wanted.

"Zare's a fire," said Tongs, thickly.

"Where?" asked the man, quickly.

"Iner stove," replied Tongs, softly.

"See here, you big duffer, if you don't want the top of your head blown off, you git," said the man, savagely.

"Oh, all right, ole man," and away he waltzed again,

and staggered around for about a quarter of an hour (during which time the house owner got to sleep again), when he saw another door that, according to his befuddled ideas, was in great need of being pounded, and he banged on it.

It was the same door, and that same indignant owner got up and poked his head out of the window.

"Now, then, off goes your head," he yelled, once more poking that shot gun out at Tongs.

He looked up stupidly at the muzzle.

"Be you the same man?"

"Yes, I am!"

"So b' I," and again he walked away from the house, this time staggering into the open arms of a policeman, who took him into the station-house.

The next morning he was fined five dollars by the court, and as this took all of his money, he had to stop his spree and return to the ship, which was by this time nearly ready to sail.

But going back to Stump, we find that he is enjoying himself hugely, although his father is plotting to kill Bob and to return Stump to school again. How both things will turn out we shall see presently.

One day old Granny Slathers lost her wig and spectacles, and nowhere in the house could they be found.

The old lady was in a great flutter, and at once laid it to Stump. But, for once, he was innocent, and puzzled to know what had become of the wig and specs.

But after hunting the whole house over, he went out into the back yard to see Bob, and there he found him, sitting up on the top of the dog-house, with the wig on his head (hinside before), the spectacles on his nose, and holding a book up as though reading it.

Everybody in the house was called to see the sight, and had a good laugh over it. But Bob liked the arrangement so well that he refused to give them up, and when Stump attempted to take them from him, he gave a wild chatter, and climbing upon the back fence, he ran down by three or four houses in the block, and again perched himself with wig and spectacles, and appeared to be greatly absorbed in his book.

This, of course, brought the neighbors all out, and the result was a "circus" for everybody that lasted for an hour. But, finally, some boys began throwing things at him, and he was glad to return home and relinquish the wig and spectacles.

"Stump, you must take that good-for-nothing critter out of the house," said granny, in her piping voice, "for I won't have him here any longer."

"All right, granny," replied Stump, and then hearing a wild wail from the house cat, he went and found that Bob was holding her up by the tail and squirting pepper-sauce into her eyes.

This created another "circus," and it took half an hour to get things quieted down again.

"Fo' de Lord, dat yer fo'-legged monkey an' dat two-legged monkey will bust dis yer family all ter pieces," said Dinah.

"Faith, the ould divil himself is in the two of 'em," said Mary.

CHAPTER XI.

CAPTAIN Martin had procured another vessel, and retaining the same crew that he had on the *Rolla* that had been wrecked, he was ready to sail again for Rio Janeiro, Brazil.

Stump's father had been quietly making arrangements to kill Bob, the monkey, and put his wayward son back to school again in a way that would be sure to keep him.

But he was just a trifle too late. Stump kept his own counsel, and just as the vessel was ready to sail, he quietly went on board with Bob, dropping a letter to his father into the post office as he went along, informing him of what he was about to do, and that perhaps he should never

return home again until he was of age, as he loved the life of a sailor and was bound to be one.

This letter kicked up a nice little bobbery when it came to the house that night, and not knowing but he might reach the wharf before the vessel sailed, he went tearing down, only to find the vessel gone three hours before, and most likely outside of Sandy Hook.

As for the other members of the family, they had various ways of expressing themselves regarding Stump's new departure. His grandmother said: "Let him go and be a sailor if he wants to be one, and by-and-by, I will buy a ship for him."

And one other character must not be forgotten: the white girl, Kalla, whom they found on the island in the hands of the natives. By referring to the maritime record, Captain Martin found what vessel had been wrecked on this island some fifteen years ago; who were lost, and by considerable advertising, which was done by publishing the account of the affair, poor Kalla was restored to her friends, who had long believed her dead with her parents and everybody on board the ill-fated ship.

Her identity was fully made out, and the beautiful girl restored to her grandparents and the fortune that her own parents had left behind for others. And thus a romance



"Oh—ah!" was all he could say as the tree lifted him up through the air; "oh—ah! I—I—I—oh, Lord, don't—don't! What's this?"

His mother and sisters were sorry to have him go, but they knew there would be more peaceful times for them if he was out of the way, and his brother hoped he would get drowned so that they would stand a chance of getting grandmother's money.

As for Dinah and Mary, they were only too glad to get rid of him.

"Fo' do Lor'," said Dinah, "de trouble hab gone once mo', an' I reckon dat it amn't berry wicked to hope dat he won't come back."

"Sure, he's the devil's own darlint, so he is, wid his monkey an' his haythen, an' it's meself as is a hopin' he'll never come back, so I do," said Mary, while the colored man-servant, who had so often been the victim of Stump's pranks, silently said amen to the good wishes of his fellow-servants.

And this was how Stump left home for the third time; but the day before he sailed he visited Thump at the museum, where he found him happy and contented, although exceedingly glad to see his little master once more, and anxious to go with him again. Stump, however, concluded that it would be better for him to remain where he was, and made arrangements with the proprietor to put his money aside for him, so that some time he would have a nice little sum to fall back on.

was developed and brought to a happy conclusion by what befell our friends.

Well, let us leave New York and follow Stump and his jolly companions.

A light, favoring breeze wafted from down the bay, and the good ship *Robin Hood* stood up before it like the beautiful clipper that she was; in fact, one of the most staunch and beautiful in the world, and both officers and crew were very proud of her.

The crew was gathered forward, it being the first mate's watch, and were talking over their adventures while in port. Stump had been entertaining them for an hour or so with an account of the fun he had enjoyed at home. That part of it where his father attempted to thrash him, and Bob and Thump had gone for him, pleased them exceedingly.

"I was going up to see yer, Stump, for I kinder suspicioned that the old man would make a hurricane with yer. But you know how bad I am when I get excited, and so I thought I'd stay away," said Jack Hawser, after having delivered a stream of tobacco juice to the leeward.

"Oh, I was all right," replied Stump,

"I expected you would be, or I should have gone and taken a hand in, you bet."

"Well, what sort of a time did you have, Tongs?" asked Stump, turning to the old salt.

"Wal, my kid, I had one o' my reg'lars," replied Tongs, in his deep, gruff voice.

"Well, how was it?"

"Yes, tell us all about it," said all hands.

"Wal, it wasn't much," he drawled. "Don't think I had more'n a dozen fights, an' wasn't rested but three times."

"Three times! How'd you get off?"

"Oh, licked my way out," said he, with a big swagger that took the airs right out of Jack Hawser.

"Have any fun?" asked Stump.

"Fun! What d'yer call that but fun? They nearly all

"Oh, all right; I can't help bein' funny, yer know," said he, walking away.

Bob came creeping up to where they were grouped.

"Well, Bob, can't you spin us a yarn?" said Tom Bowline.

"No; but he can show you what he has learned since he has been ashore," said Stump, taking out his flageolet. "Of course you all saw Pat Rooney?"

"Yes—yes."

He started the tune, and Bob commenced. The roars of laughter which followed, convinced him that he had once more made a hit, and no sooner had he finished than he



Bob walked and clawed all over him, while Thump pounded him right and left.

know me, an' generally give me plenty of sea room when I'm cruisin'. Got shot at one night over'n Brooklyn or somewhere," he added, laughing to himself.

"How was it?" asked Jack.

"Oh, so—so."

"I mean, how did it happen?"

"Wal, I got cruisin' after a pretty craft, an' she ran inter some harbor an' left me without any reckonin' or chart. But I pounded the front door down, an' ten men came at me with revolvers. But that thar was only fun for me, yer know, and so I began knockin' tar out on 'em. In course I licked the gang, an' carried away the prize."

"Oh, you did, eh?"

"Why, in course I did. Nothin' mean 'bout me, yer know," at which they all laughed.

"What in thunder be yer laughin' at?" he demanded; but nobody appeared able to say.

"Maybe yer don't b'lieve what I say, Jack," said he, turning suddenly upon his old victim.

"Every word, Tongsy, old man—every word," said Jack, quickly, for he knew what he would catch if he didn't believe it.

"Wal, then, what are yer laughin' 'bout?"

"It was so funny."

took off his hat and went around to take up the usual collection.

He went to Tongs as well as the others, and that worthy chucked a big quid of tobacco into his hat, and then, laughing heartily, he lay down upon the deck with his hat over his eyes, happy in the thought that he had done a good thing, and that he was once more on the bounding billows.

Bob looked at the tobacco, and set up a loud chattering of disgust, showing conclusively that he was as mad as a March hare.

"Now look out, Tongs," said Stump, sharply.

"Why?"

"Bob'll get hunk with you for that."

"Oh, I'll risk it."

"All right; but don't blame anybody but yourself."

"Blame thunder! If the little cuss comes a foolin' round me, I'll throw him overboard."

"Don't you do it."

"What! I'll throw you both over!"

"No, you won't," said Stump, pluckily.

"Hold on, Stump! He's awful," said Jack, aside.

"Don't get him mad."

"Oh, you go to the devil! I'm not afraid of him if you are."

"Me, Stump? Me afraid?"

"Yes, you're a duffer."

"Stump! Well, you know how it is. You can talk that way to me, but — well—well, we won't get into a quarrel."

"I don't care whether we do or not."

"Oh, why arn't you my size!" said he, getting up and walking around with great apparent excitement. "Oh—oh!"

"Oh, you needn't take on so, I'm not afraid of you."

"No, I know you're plucky. But only think of my fighting with a little runt like you. No—no, I couldn't think of it."

"But I can. I'll fight you for fun or for money, I don't care which."

Jack waved him away in a lofty manner.

"Punch his snoot Jack," said Tongs.

"Oh, I don't want to fight with little Stump."

"You needn't be afraid of me because I'm little."

"Don't fool with me, Stump. I don't want to hurt you. Of course not."

"Well, I don't intend you shall."

"Then don't provoke me, boy."

"You go to the devil!"

"No—no, Stump."

"You took up for Tongs, and I kick. Understand?"

"Oh, you've got nothin' ag'in Tongs."

"Yes I have. It was a dirty trick to chuck that cud of tobacco into Bob's hat, and I don't care who hears me say so."

Stump was mad clean through now.

Tongs leaped to his feet.

"You little insignificant runt, if I hear any more of your chin, I'll make Jack thrash the tar out of you any way!" said he.

"No you won't."

"What?" he roared.

"I mean it."

Jack began to feel queer, and to wish that he had kept his mug shut.

"Jack, punch his snoot," said Tongs.

"Oh, don't mind him, Tongs. He's only a little mad, that's all. He'll be sorry for it after the blow is over," said Jack, crying to make peace.

"No I won't," said Stump.

"Do you hear that? Hit him!"

"Oh, I wouldn't hit little Stump. He's one of my best friends."

"He's everybody's friend," said several.

"I don't care if he is. He can't sling sass at me," said Tongs. "Hit him, Jack, or I'll hit you."

Jack started back in astonishment. This was something he hadn't thought of and didn't expect.

"Let him try it, that's all," said Stump.

"Oh, I won't hit Stump."

"All right; then I'll hit you," and he started for poor, unfortunate Jack Hawser.

Jack darted around the foremast and started aft as fast as he could go, closely followed by Tongs, fully bent on knocking the "tar" out of him.

"Don't, Tongsy, don't!" he shouted.

"Avast there, an' let me kill yer!"

"No—no, don't, Tongsy, there's a good fellow!"

"Belay that!" shouted the mate. "What the devil are you up to?"

"Oh, it's only a little fun," said Jack.

Tongs stopped short and turned back.

"Well, the first thing you know, you'll get a rope's end. Go forward, and if I see any more of this nonsense I'll send you aloft to slush down the masts."

Jack slunk back to the forecastle.

"Oh, it's lucky, thunderin' lucky for you that the mate got in atween us," said Tongs.

"Oh, that's all right, Tongsy, old man."

"No it arn't all right, either, an' I'd give a year's wages ter play Yankee Doodle five minutes on that mate's mug. Get out!" and he went back to his old spot and once more laid down on his back.

As for Jack, he was might glad to get out of the muss the way he did, for to tell the truth, he wouldn't have had a row with Stump for fear that the plucky little fellow would have got away him, and before he knew it, he was between two fires.

But Bob wasn't appeased any more than Stump was; he kept walking around and eying Tongs in a very suggestive manner.

Tongs, however, took no further notice of the matter, and lay there with his hat over his eyes.

But he still held his hat in his hand, and kept looking at the cud of tobacco which yet remained in it, and finally he stole up to where Tongs lay, and taking the tobacco in one hand and snatching off the hat which covered his face, he slapped the quid squarely into one of his eyes, and then ran chattering up the rattlins out of the way.

Tongs leaped to his feet, roaring like a lion and cursing like a pirate. In fact, he made the atmosphere sulphurous as he danced and howled around on the forward deck.

"Great blubber! Oh—oh! Blue blazes! Great harpoons! Ah—ah! Oh—oh!" he yelled.

Captain Martin walked forward to see what the row was all about.

"What's the matter, Tongs?"

"Oh—oh! H—I by the square foot!"

"Has he got the jim jams?" he asked, turning to the others.

Stump explained the matter.

"Served him right," said the captain, laughing and walking aft again.

In the meantime Jack Hawser had drawn a bucket of water from overboard, and Tongs was washing out his eye, while Bob was seated on the fore yard-arm, looking down upon the performance as seriously as a crow.

Finally he got the worst of it out of his eye, and Jack brought some fresh water from the cask to rinse it out with, and after a while he was able to swear in tolerably fair English, and not rattle off more than sixty oaths a minute.

Stump had to laugh in spite of himself, as did several of the crew, when they saw Tongs jumping and skipping about the deck in his agony.

"Whar is he?" was the first question Tongs asked.

"Who?" asked Jack.

"The son of a swab as did that?"

The sailors laughed, and Bob chattered.

"Whar is he?"

"Oh, he's all right," said Stump. "I told you to look out for him."

"Who?"

"Bob."

"Did he do it?"

"You bet he did."

"Wal, that settles it. Wonder if monkeys have got souls ter save?"

"Guess not, but they've 'bacon' to save," said Stump, laughing.

"Stump, it's all up with you."

"Is that so?"

"And your cussed monkey."

"Yes?"

"Yes. I've made up my mind."

"That's good."

"You must both die."

"Yes?"

"I shall feed sharks with you both."

"Well, that's all right. But you'll have to wait 'til we get into sharky water," said Stump, laughing.

"Oh, I shall feed over one at a time."

"That's all right, old man."

"I've got blood an' murder inter my heart now. May as well be sayin' yer little prayers, for yer've got to go."

"Belay that gab and go below. It's your next watch," said the captain.

"Oh, I've got murder in my heart."

"Well, you'll get a kick astern if you don't go below and shut up," replied the captain.

"Oh, it's dreadful. But I can wait," he muttered, as he started down the companion way.

"Yon'd better not wait long before you obey orders, or you'll get the worst of it," and Tongs went below, growling and swelling with rage.

The moment he disappeared, Bob gave a triumphant chatter and started down from his lofty perch.

"All right, Rooney. You got even with him, didn't you?" said Stump. "Served him right."

"That's so," said the sailors.

"Look sharp, boys; he might hear you," said Jack.

"Oh, you be hanged. You're the biggest duffer I ever knew," said Stump, indignantly.

"Don't be rash, Stump," said he, calmly.

"I guess he's right," said three or four of the men, at which Jack started, and looked scared.

"Oh, I won't be dragged into a row with my little friend, Stump, and you needn't try it."

"You don't dare to," said Stump.

"Oh, I'll 'low you to say anything to me, but if you's only my size and, oh—oh!"

"Vat you say apout a piece of me?" asked a big Dutchman, who seldom had anything to say.

"Oh, I've got nothing to do with you, Hank."

"Maype you have if I calls you von tam shackass, hey?" persisted Hank.

"Oh, you're excited."

"Py tam, so I was excited ven I see a tam shackass blow so much as you do. Dot mek me so med dot I kick myself mit a glub, und I make my fist ouf your nose for dree cents, und dot's wat's der medder mit me!" said he, excitedly.

"Don't get your shirt off, Hank," said Jack, as yet appearing bold.

"I gits me mine heat off if I like; you is von tam skedaddle, und I dond care if you vas so pig like a ship, I pust my snood mit you; you is von gun-of-a-son, und you hafe nod so much fight in you as a durkey."

"Mate!" called Jack, knowing that it would be all right, "you must either give me leave to lick somebody or call 'em away."

"Belay there all hands, or I'll give you all a smart rope's end," yelled the mate.

"That's it; I have to bear everything and have no chance to fight back. But I suppose it's all right. It's just my cussed luck, that's all."

"Oh, you go fall on yourself," growled Hank.

"Wait 'til we get inter port," said Jack.

"All'd right, I preak mine heat of your fist," said Hank, in an undertone.

And so the row quieted down after a while, and Jack Hawser had managed to avoid an encounter on every side, although it required all his cowardly diplomacy to do so, and still seem a hero.

As for Tongs, he was very sober and grouty during the next few days, scarcely speaking to anyone on board the ship. But he somehow concluded that he had better postpone his shark feeding until some other time, and so Bob and Stump were unmolested.

But one day, while they were in the Gulf Stream, something happened to Jack Hawser, and this was how it came about:

Tongs had by this time forgotten his wrath, and again mingled with his messmates as of yore. But Bob did not forget him, and was continually on the watch to get a chance to play something on the man who was always playing something on him.

And this was how matters stood when they were about two weeks out. On the occasion of which I am about to write, Tongs was asleep on the forward hatchway bulkhead, lying flat on his back, this being his favorite layout.

The others, who were off duty, were engaged playing cards, and Bob was aloft somewhere, as he always delighted in being, and on one of the cross trees he had found a bucket of slush, such as is used to slush masts and spars with.

The game they were playing was called "pitch," and they were making considerable noise over it. Tongs had warned them several times to shut up, but they were so much interested in the play that they took but little notice of it. Finally it came Jack's lead.

"I'll pitch it, and take the chances," said he, in his old, loud-mouthed, boastful way.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when Bob emptied the bucket of slush down upon Tongs, striking him squarely in the face.

Tongs rolled over on to the deck, and while howling like an infuriated devil, he began clawing the slush out of his mouth and eyes, at the same time associating his mishap with Jack's threat to "pitch" it and take the consequences.

Of course this interrupted the game, and they all stopped to see what the matter was, although no one but Stump knew where the slush came from.

Just as quick as Tongs could get his eyes clear, he went for Jack, knocking him end over end, and making him see more stars than he had ever dreamed of.

"Don't, Tongs, old man, don't!" he cried, trying to get away from the infuriated old tar, "I didn't do it."

"What! Don't yer tell me yer didn't do it, yer cussed, yaller belly. Didn't I hear yer say yer'd pitch it an' take the consequences? Now take 'em," said he, again knocking him on his beam ends.

"No—no; I was——"

"I know you was, now I am. Shut up! Don't yer dare ter talk back at me;" and catching him up bodily—for he was as strong as a lion—he threw him down on the deck and rubbed his face into the slush, until he felt amply revenged.

The mate had to separate them, for Tongs was thoroughly aroused, and wanted to finish the job by throwing Jack overboard.

They rallied Jack about it afterwards, but his old cheek came quickly to the rescue.

"Oh, that's all right. I didn't want to have a fight with Tongs. He was a little excited, and I didn't dare to let myself go, for I might have killed an able-bodied seaman."

This was a standing laugh for all hands during the remainder of the voyage, during which nothing of any great importance happened, although Stump let out the secret of how the slush fell on Tongs. It did Jack good, however, and took some of the brag out of him.

Well, after a fine run, they again made the beautiful port of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, all hands well and happy as larks.

CHAPTER XII.

OUR friends were just sailing into the harbor of Rio Janeiro, Brazil, in the beautiful new clipper ship, *Robin Hood*, that had taken the place of the wrecked *Rolla*.

Many a "ruction" they had of one kind or another during the voyage, and much fun, nearly all of which was on account of Bob, the monkey; or, as he was now called, Bob Rooney.

But they were all hands pretty good friends at this time, and Bob was allowed to do pretty much as he liked aboard the ship. He spent much of his time aloft in the rigging, apparently perfectly at home on the highest yard.

It will be understood by this time that Captain Martin was a good-natured, rather indulgent sort of a man, and so he was; but although he liked fun and gave his crew more liberty than ship-masters generally do, he was nevertheless a thorough seaman and a first-class captain.

Sailing slowly up to the lighter rendezvous, the Robin Hood dropped her anchor, let go her sails, and swung gracefully around with her head to the coming tide.

Like trained squirrels did the crew fly up the rigging, and in fifteen minutes every stitch of her snowy canvas was furled and snugly housed, and the song which they sang:

"A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Talli—hi—ho—I—ho!"

was heard by the crews of other vessels in the harbor, and even by those on shore, all of whom were admiring the beautiful American clipper, which had glided so silently and gracefully into their presence.

The custom officers boarded soon after, and were engaged with the captain some time, examining the ship's papers and invoices, and listening to the stirring story of what had befallen him and the ill-fated Rolla in which he had left their harbor more than a year before.

Meantime the crew were engaged in making everything snug and taut, and getting ready to discharge cargo when the time came.

Everything was arranged by night, and the crew were gathered, after grub, on the forward deck, engaged in smoking, talking, and enjoying the magnificent moonlight—such moonlight as is only seen in the tropics.

It was a magnificent sight, and might well have taken the thoughts of that rollicking crew from the fun and banter which usually engaged them, either in storm or sunshine.

The blue waters of the Rio de Janeiro Bay wore scarce a ripple, and the flood of moonlight made all as light as day almost, and reflected shipping and the emerald fringe of the surrounding shores so vividly that everything seemed to be double, with the double inverted as though in a huge mirror.

Before them lay the beautiful city of Rio de Janeiro, sending forth thousands of lights, and away to the north a mile or so, but easily traceable by a row of lights extending from its height clear down to the city, was Gloria Hill, on which the renowned convent of Santa Theresa is situated.

And everything, city, forests, shipping, hill and lights being reflected, it seemed like some clear lake margined by fruits of gold, while the air was heavy with the breath of flowers and the ripeness of ravishing fruit, disturbed only at intervals by the clang of the guitar, the lovers' serenade, or the joyous laughter which came rippling over the water, from hearts that dwelt in tuneful harmony with their surroundings.

"By gracious!" exclaimed Stump, "isn't this a beautiful sight?"

"You are right, it is," said Jack Hawser, who, in spite of his usual brag and swagger, was very much impressed with the scene.

"I should like to live here," said Stump.

"So would I," said nearly all of the crew.

Tongs was on the bowsprit near the capstan, lying on his belly, pulling on a short-stemmed pipe, and seemingly lost in a reverie as he gazed on the surrounding enchantment.

"It seems to be a land of beauty and plenty," added Stump, meditatively, "and I don't believe there is a more beautiful place in the whole world."

"Bah!" came from Tongs, sounding like a cross between the grunt of a hog and the snarl of a bear.

They all looked at him, but he said nothing further or made any motion.

"What's the matter with you, Tongsy?" asked Stump, nudging Tom Bowline as he spoke.

"Matter? Bah!" was his response.

"Yes. Got the belly-ache?"

"Got thunder! What does a shrimp like you know about the world?"

"Not much."

"Wal, I shed say so."

Jack Hawser laughed loudly, just to cap in with Tongs, as he always did, and to convince the crew, if possible, that he also, in his many voyages over the globe, had seen lands more beautiful, and with more plenty than this one could boast of.

"Oh, well, Tongs, I only expressed my opinion," replied Stump.

Tongs slowly gathered himself up, knocked the ashes from his pipe, freshened his mouth and breath with a huge quid of tobacco, and then took a long, straight look at little Stump.

"Well?" said Stump, laughing, for he knew that Tongs was loaded with something that was sure to make a loud report.

"Boy!"

"Well?"

"Kid!"

"Well?"

"Shrimp!"

"All right."

"You—but I forgive yer."

"That's good of you, Tongs; real good."

"How little ye know of this yer arth."

"Of course!" said Jack Hawser, taking in a big piece of tobacco, in imitation of Tongs, and hitching up his trousers.

He was bound to agree with Tongs ever since he gave him that drubbing, although it will be recollected that he said he allowed him to do it only because he didn't dare let himself out, for fear he might kill an able-bodied seaman.

"I don't pretend to know much, Tongsy. How should I?" said Stump, with a grin.

"In course—in course."

"In course," echoed Jack, nodding his head in a very significant manner.

"I only said that this seemed to be a land of beauty and plenty. What of it?"

"What of it? Ha, ha, ha!" said Jack.

"Batten down your hatch, Jack," said Tongs, turning upon his sycophant, and Jack at once worked his quid over on the larboard side of his mouth, and subsided.

"Wal, Stump, in course you aren't to blame acause you don't know no more."

"In course," echoed Jack, in an undertone.

"Ye've only been cruisin' 'round in a few puddles yet. But when yer tork 'bout this yer's bein' a land o' beauty an' plenty—why, good Lord!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" added Jack, just as though he had ever seen anything better.

"Did you ever see anything that would beat this?" asked Stump.

"Did I—did I?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jack. "Well—well!"

"What?" and Stump turned sharply towards him.

"That's putty good, Stump. Did glorious old Tongsy ever see anything that would beat this? Well, of course, he will forgive you, Stumpy."

"Look yer, Jack Hawser, Stump an' I ken work this yer without your oar in. Batten down yer hatches an' belay yer gab-line," said Tongs.

"Oh, all right, Tongsy, only I couldn't help laughin' ter think."

"You're too fresh, Jack," said Tom Bowline.

"Oh, I'm not the chap ter mar harmony. Go ahead, I'm mum," said he, seeing his unpopularity.

"Wal, Stump, this yer country arn't shucks. It arn't a piece of old junk alongside of a gentleman's yacht, compared with places I've seen."

"Is that so—where?"

"Why, the Island of Borneo, in the South China Sea."

"Of course," said Jack, half to himself.

"That island is just under the Equator, if I am not mistaken," said Stump.

"In course it are."

Jack nodded his head knowingly, although in fact he didn't know whether it was situated there or near Cape Horn.

"Well, tell us about it."

"Tell yer 'bout it? Couldn't do it; never war tole 'bout an' never will be. Ben no less'n ten geogrify makers out thar ter try an' write it up, but they all went away sunstrack. You've heard tell 'bout the Garden of Eden?"

"Seems to me I have heard something about such a nursery."

"Wal, thar she war."

"What?"

"Thar she war sot."

"You don't say so!"

"Fact. I had it from one of the oldest natives."

"Why, what the deuce did he know about it?"

"He? He seen Adam and Eve lots of times."

A loud laugh greeted this assertion; at least they all laughed but Jack Hawser, who wished to be understood as knowing quite as much about the island as Tongs did.

"What!" exclaimed Tongs, who always got mad if anybody appeared to doubt his word.

"Oh, nothing, only it sounds a little queer," said Stump.

"Queer!" roared Tongs.

"No—no, only a little new, Tongs," said Tom Bowline.

"Oh!"

"You see, we'd never heard of that before," added Stump, at which Jack nodded, as much as to say:

"That's let you out."

"Why, this yer native as told me this was umpire when Cain an' Abel had their fight. Fact."

Jack nodded his head and then squirted tobacco-juice.

"Fine country?" asked Stump.

"Fine!" roared Tongs.

"Fine!" echoed Jack.

"Wal, ef yer think this is fine, wonder what you'd think of that."

Jack chuckled all over.

"Finer than this?"

"Oh, boy! oh, Shrimp! Wal, I forgive yer."

Jack nodded acquiescence.

"More a land of plenty than this?"

"Wal, I've got ter treat yer like a little suckin' baby, I s'pose. I'll just tell yer what I seed thar, an' then yer ken judge for yerself."

The crew squared themselves to take in the yarn, and Jack Hawser sent another stream of tobacco-juice over the ship's side, and smilingly settled himself back against one of the stanchions, as much as to say:

"Now they're going to get a glimpse of what Tongs and I have seen."

"Good baked bread grows thar on the trees."

"Bread fruit," suggested Stump.

"No, regular bread, fresh every mornin', an' if yer want a glass o' grog, all yer've got ter do is ter squeeze a kind of orange as grows thar, an' yer kin get jolly drunk for nothin'. Been drunk thar hundreds of times; good, square drunks, too; none of yer bucket-shop stuff."

"I should think you'd like to live there, Tongs."

"Thar's whar I'm goin' ter cast anchor afore long, an' don't yer forget it. I own a nice little farm there now, an' I'm gon' back in 'bout a year."

"What made you leave it?"

"Wal, the rum-fruit hadn't got its growth when I left, an' I didn't want to tempt myself to steal or borrow from my neighbors. But, Lord bless yer innercent souls, that's nothin'! A land with bread an' grog don't 'mount ter much. That's several places I've been ter that ken do that. But this yer island of Borneo's got more'n that. Maybe yer won't b'lieve it, an' so I guess I won't say nothin' 'bout it, for yer know thar's nothin' riles me like havin' my word doubted."

"Oh, go ahead. Tell us all about it," said Stump, determined to have the whole yarn.

"Wal, I will, only I don't want no talk back. What I say's gospel."

"Oh, of course."

"You bet," put in Jack Hawser.

"Wal, sur, that yer island's overrun with roast pigs!"

A loud yell greeted this, at which Tongs leaped indignantly to his feet.

"Thar! Didn't I tell yer. Somehow or other, this is ther wust crew I ever sailed with. I kin never tell a story 'cept I've got ter have a fight."

"Oh, that's all right, Tongsy," said Stump, "but of course it sounds so strange to us."

"Wal, maybe, but that's no reason why I should be 'spected of lyin'."

"Of course not," put in Jack.

"That's all right, Tongs. We don't suspect you of anything of the kind. Go ahead."

Tongs glanced around upon the crew, but by a great effort they all had sober faces.

"Yes, sir, roast pigs," he reiterated.

"What an ideal! Strange nobody ever heard that before," said Stump, looking serious.

"Wal, that's 'cos nobody scarcely's been thar. It's worth a dozen lives for a man ter get thar, in the fust place, for the natives are awful jealous. I licked my way in, of course, for that's my lay, you know, an' now they regard me as one of 'em."

"Roast pigs!" exclaimed Stump.

"Of course," said Jack, indignantly.

"First course, you mean?"

"I've seen 'em myself."

"Yes, sur, an' what's more," continued Tongs, "each one on 'em's got a carvin' knife an' fork stuck in their backs, an' instead of squealin', they grunt so yer kin understand 'em, an' say: 'Eat me fust—eat me fust!'"

This was too much. Stump and the rest of the crew had held in the best they could until now, but an explosion of laughter and derision followed this assertion that could have been heard in the city.

Even Jack Hawser laughed in spite of himself, but he paid the penalty of his forgetfulness the next instant, for the indignant Tongs caught him up by the seat of his trousers and threw him overboard.

Then he went for Stump; but Bob, who had been awakened by the noise, went for him—catching him by the cheek of his tightly-fitting trousers with his teeth, and making him yell with pain.

This brought the first mate forward.

"Turn in, all hands, or I'll use this rope's end on you," he cried.

"Oh, oh, oh! take off that cuss!" roared Tongs.

"Stop, Bob!" said Stump, and the monkey let go of his mouthful of meat.

"Give me a marlinspike!" cried Tongs, dancing around and wildly rubbing the place he sat down on. "I'll make slush of that yer ape."

"No, you won't. You turn in. You're always kicking up a row of some kind, and if you don't behave yourself, I'll get you a first-class flogging."

"Oh, oh, oh!" he cried.

"Go below!"

"I'm bit, sir," said he, pathetically.

"Well, you'll get hit, sir, if you don't skip."

"Oh, I——" and he proceeded to let off a string of oaths that would have astonished the oldest and toughest pirate who ever sailed the salt ocean.

"Go below! Where's Jack Hawser?"

"Overboard, sir!" said Stump.

"Overboard! What the devil is he doing overboard?"

In the meantime Tom Bowline and one or two others had cast Jack a line, and were just then pulling him aboard out of the dew.

"What the devil are you doing overboard?" demanded the mate.

Jack leaped from the taffrail upon the deck and shook himself like a Newfoundland dog.

Tongs was looking at him, not yet having obeyed the mate's orders to go below.

"Sir?" he asked, indefinitely.

"What the devil were you doing overboard?"

Jack looked at Tongs, and Tongs looked ugly.

"Oh, sir, I got asleep on the rail and fell overboard, that's all!" said he.

"That's all! Well, I should say that was enough. All hands turn in except Jack! It's your watch next bell, and, Tongs, if you don't stop kicking up rows aboard this ship, you'll get the worst of it, and don't you forget it!" he added, as he turned to go aft.

"Oh, Absalom!" groaned Tongs.

"What is it, Tongsy, old boy?" asked Jack, just as though nothing had happened.

"I'm perishin'."

"The devil you are!"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"I want to kill two things."

"What?"

"That cussed monkey—where is he? (Bob was up the rigging), an' the mate."

"Wait awhile, Tongs. I'm with you," said Jack, whispering to him.

"All right, Jack. I'm sorry I chucked yer."

"Don't mention it, Tongsy, old boy," said he, extending his hand for a shake. "I know how it is myself; I often lose my temper that way, and you mustn't mind it if I throw you overboard some of these times."

"What!"

"Oh, you know how it is when a fellow forgets himself——"

"But yer don't pretend ter say," said Tongs, stooping over and thrusting his face into Jack's, "that yer'd throw me overboard?"

"Oh, well——"

"What?"

"I mean if it was anybody but *you*."

"Oh!"

"That's all right, old man Tongsy," said he, patting him on the shoulder. "Of course I respect your age, but——"

"My age!" roared Tongs, clenching his fists.

"I mean that if any other fellow—that is, if I got mad and let myself out on any other fellow—I might fire him overboard," said Jack, getting out of it the best he could.

"Oh!" and Tongs, seeing the mate coming forward again, went sulkily down the fore-castle.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Stump.

"Me?"

"Yes, you," said Tom Bowline, laughing. "How came you to go overboard?"

"Oh, you know how Tongs is. He was mad because you fellows laughed at him, and had to do something bad or he might have killed you all. I saw how it was and jumped for him. But you know Tongs and I are good friends, and I didn't want to hurt him, so I let him have his own way just to pacify him and save you fellows. You can all thank my good nature for being alive now," said he, with great solemnity.

"Oh, you're the boss duffer of the world," said Stump.

"What?"

"Oh, I mean it."

"Stump, I've got to turn over a new leaf with you."

"Well, why don't you turn it?"

"Of course I won't fight with you on account of your size, but I've got to put a stop to this insolence."

"That's right, Jack."

"I've got to treat you like a saucy child. Spank you."

"Well, that's good; I'll take my first spanking before I turn in," said he, bracing up to the cowardly bully.

"Stump, be careful. If I didn't know your family, I should certainly make you an interesting cripple," said he, walking aft to take his station for the watch.

"Oh, what a duffer you are," cried Stump.

At that moment he relieved the first mate, and as he went below he became the officer of the deck.

"Now go below, every mother's son of you!" he cried, and as he was now in a position to enforce commands, they all obeyed, although laughing derisively as they did so.

Jack was now monarch of all he surveyed, and the first thing the "monarch" did, was to get out of his wet clothes and wring the water from them. Fortunately, however, the climate would allow of a man's going without any clothing, and so he was all right for the time being. But, while waiting for his clothes to dry, he sat down on a piece of small tarred canvas that Stump had fixed (without thinking, however, that Jack would be naked), and, as it stuck very fast, it took him until he was relieved of his watch to get clear of it, and even then there was tar enough left on his flesh to make his trousers and shirt stick to him for the next month so closely that he could not get them off.

Well, the next day the discharge of cargo commenced, and at the end of a week all was in readiness to take on board the return cargo, the same as before, a load of dye wood, and three weeks from the time of their arrival at Rio the Robin Hood was ready to start on her return trip to New York.

But in the meantime the crew had three days ashore, and indulged in all those frivolities for which sailors are renowned the world over.

Tongs went off on a private drunk as usual, and when the ship was ready to sail he was in the caboose, where he had been thrust for fighting with and thrashing three Brazilian policemen.

That was his usual way of doing things in every port wherever he happened to be, and Captain Martin always knew where to find his best man when he was ready to sail.

The voyage back to New York was one of the finest and most pleasant on record, and in less than four months from the time they left New York they were back again, fresh and hearty.

Stump, however, did not return home, for he knew that the parental rod was in pickle for him, as usual, and so he made his home on board the ship and waited for the return voyage. But there was fun ahead.

The continuation and conclusion of this story will be found in No. 218 of THE FIVE CENT WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY, entitled "STUMP; OR, 'LITTLE, BUT, OH, MY!'" Part II.

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